The Beaver

SPRING 1961

THE **UNCHANGED** STANDARD: "choice goods as can be bought for money"

"Wee would have you keepe, to the Standard, that Mr. Radisson agreed to, but withall to give the Indians all manner of Content and Satisfaction . . ."

LETTER TO GOVERNOR GEYER, PORT NELSON, FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEE, LONDON, JUNE 2, 1688

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

The Beaver

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Editor: Malvina Bolus

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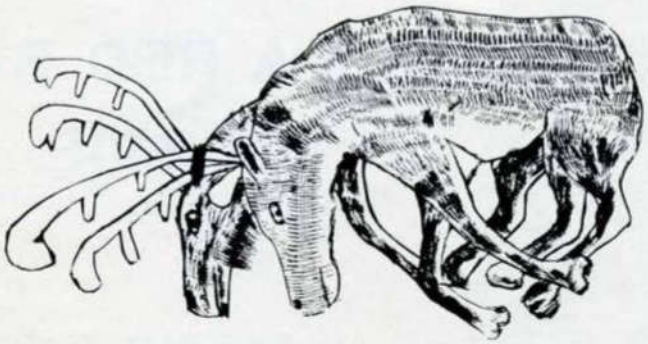

Drawing on walrus tusk by Konianaktilliak, Cape Dorset, 1960

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COVER

Pattern of young maple leaves
Colour photo composition by Harold V. Green

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A RED RIVER GOSSIP

ELAINE ALLAN MITCHELL

introduces and annotates letters from Red River Settlement which she traced to their owner in England and transcribed. The drawings, shown by courtesy of the Glenbow Foundation, are by Capt. George E. Finlay who went to Fort Garry with the 6th Regiment of Foot in 1846 and remained there until 1848. Mrs. Mitchell is a Canadian historian who lives part of the time in England.

ON THE 19th of July 1842 a young Scotsman left York Factory for Fort Garry, which he reached, so he wrote to his mother, on August 15th after "an undescribably tedious voyage." On the way he stopped at Norway House and paid his respects to the two leading families there, the Rosses and the Evanses. He thought Jane Ross, Donald's eldest daughter who had been to school in England, a pleasant and friendly young woman; the missionary's pretty daughter, Clarissa, was too reserved for his taste. Of Jessy, the second Ross daughter, then seventeen, whom he was to marry in 1848, he made no mention at all.

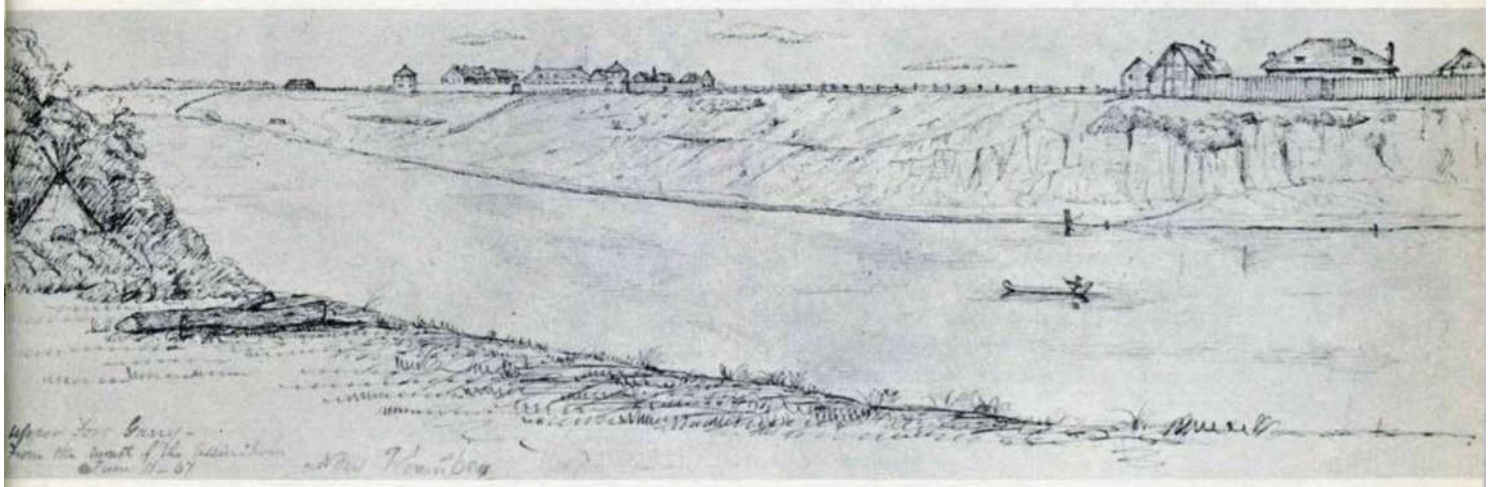
The young man was Robert Clouston, elder son of Edward Clouston, the Hudson's Bay Company's Agent in Orkney, and his first letter from Fort Garry, which contains this information, is dated 8 August 1843.[1] *His family seems to have been an affectionate and closely-knit group and Robert's mother kept a journal recording the daily events of their lives for her son's*

1. See notes on page 11.

information, encouraging him to do the same for them. Unfortunately, Robert's efforts fell far short of a proper journal. Although partly in diary form his yearly letters are generally accounts of his doings put together with more or less haste from his post journals and from memory, and they suffer accordingly from incompleteness and lack of organization. Nevertheless, Clouston possessed considerable powers of observation and a facility for lively prose, and his youthful sense of fun and liking for adventure were associated with the more mature qualities of tolerance and an understanding of ordinary men.

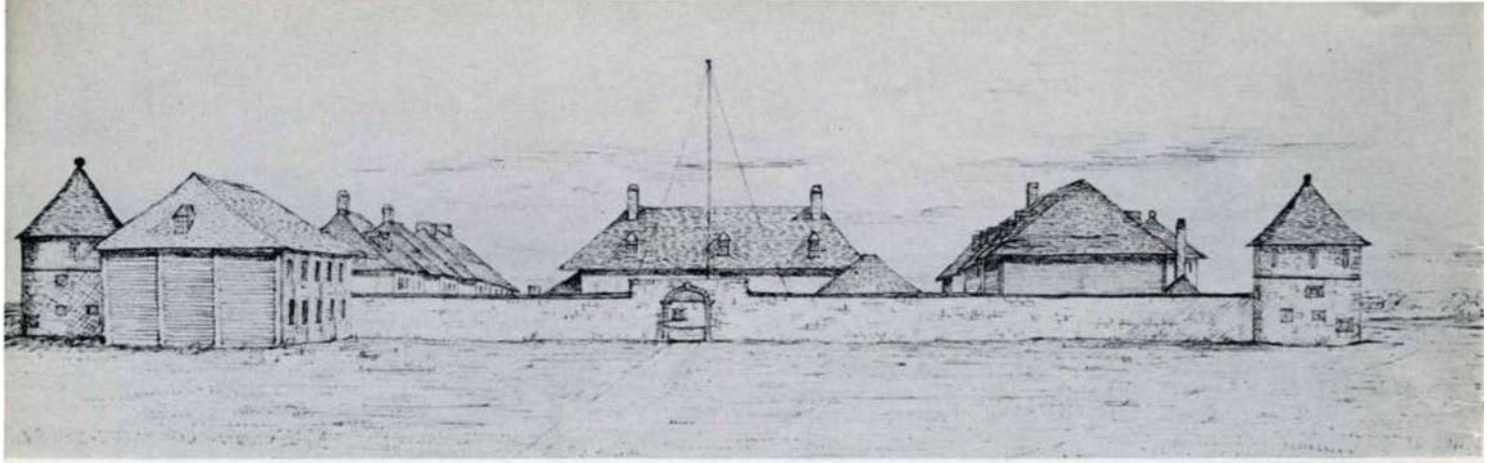
When he arrived at Fort Garry Clouston was twenty-two and had already spent four years in Rupert's Land as clerk in a succession of posts. The previous winter he had been in charge of Oxford House, inland from York on the Red River route, and the only white man there. Every summer he had gone to the depot with the fur brigades to toil at accounts "from 6 a.m. to 9 at night." He hated the confinement of York Factory, the exacting work, the salt provisions and the execrable climate. We do not know when he developed the tuberculosis from which he suffered for most of his short life, but it is possible that his health was affected by those summers in the "endless swamp." His letters reveal a sentimental young man with a weakness for pretty girls, a nineteenth century romantic, sensitive to natural beauty especially of the more picturesque kind, but with a love of the wilderness which was completely without illusions, and no belief at all in Rousseau's theories of the nobility and felicity of savage life. He was given to philosophizing on the vanity of life and affected a fashionable melancholy which his irrepressible good spirits belied. All too soon ill-health and sorrow were to make it a reality.

Clouston's first Red River letter is a short, hastily-written account of his journey inland from Fort Garry and his impressions of the colony. In spite of the limitations of his own background, perhaps he was bound to view it with some condescension.



Upper Fort Garry from the mouth of the Assiniboine in 1847. On the right are the remains of the first Fort Garry which was built in the early 1820s. The only other known pictures of the first fort were made by Peter Rindisbacher before 1826.

THE appearance of the settlement as I ascended the river did not please me much—the country is a dead level and, after passing the Lower Fort trees are scarce: from the Lake to the Lower Fort the distance is full 30 miles and thence to this place is 20 miles more—making Fort Garry 50 miles from Lake Winnipeg—there was scarcely one spot that struck me as having any claims to beauty. —R.R. may be considered as situated on the eastern limits of the great savannahs of the west—which stretch from here to the Rocky Mountains—and this immense extent of country abounds in wild animals—Bisons, Deer and Antelopes etc.—but their domains have been considerably circumscribed by the progress of civilisation—the Americans are rolling like an irresistible wave eradicating all marks of savage life from the countries over which they extend, but their progress will be checked by the boundless waste of prairie which the Almighty has placed as limits to their all-craving desires. —I love to view the world in its natural state—as it came from the hand of its Maker, the magnitude and grandeur of whose works are thus more forcible, and compared with which the *artificial* decorations which man has strewed over the face of the globe, sink into utter insignificance.— When I look round me in the boundless expanse of the prairies my heart fills with exaltation to think that this part of creation will remain as long as the world stands, in its natural condition—for here the columns of the devastators will be broken, and scattered



North wall of Upper Fort Garry. The trading store is the building with two squat chimneys, left of centre. The only known contemporary picture of the original stone north wall which was torn down in the 1850s when the fort was extended.

to the four winds of heaven, and they will have no permanent footing in them—but must leave them to their lawful owners.

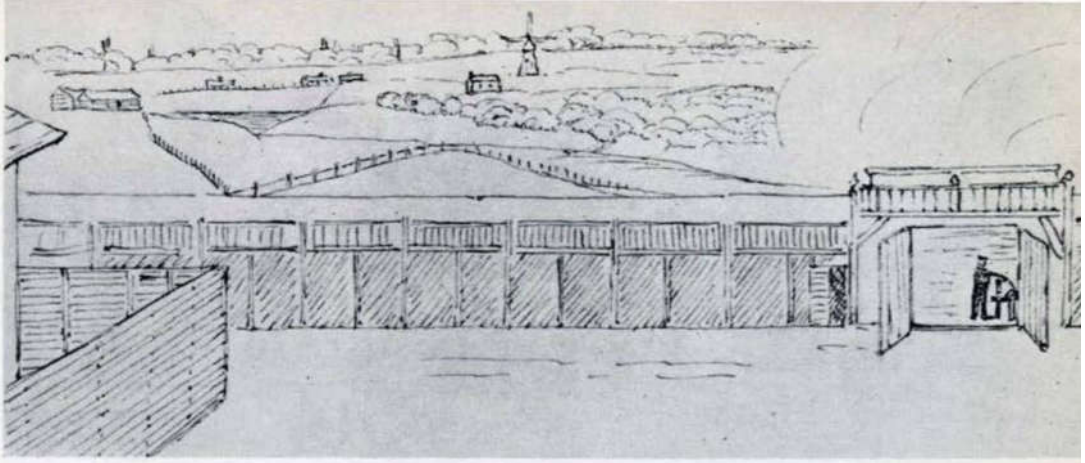
Clouston's mistaken predictions concerning the west were common in his day and his pomposity is redeemed by his liveliness in describing Red River society.

I shall now try to give you some idea of our amusements in this part of the world—the first party to which I was invited was to a Mr. Bird's.[2] Mr. Lane[3] and I went together—in company with about a dozen others—ladies and gentlemen. Our dinner was very good indeed but I forget the dishes. Shortly after dinner a whole batch of young ladies arrived and a large room was cleared out and we commenced dancing—Bye and bye tea was handed round by one David Mitchell's Wife—whose dress excited a good deal of merriment—she had a Blue gown or petticoat and a white 'Hubbie' (isn't that the Orkney name for a thing like a jacket, worn by the women) which astonished the natives considerably; the evening passed very pleasantly and the party broke up about 10 p.m. Now, such is the influence of female society, and the weakness of men's minds—that had not we had a ride of 7 long miles in the cold of a December night—I can't venture to say what might not have resulted from this party—but our enthusiasm was somewhat cooled ere we reached home.

Our next turnout was to a Wedding at the White Horse Plains—18 miles above the Fort—Mr. Grant,[4] the Warden of the plains—a native of the Country—whose son was to be married to a halfbreed girl, invited Mr. Lane and I to join the party: more to please him than from any anticipation of pleasure from the trip, we left the Fort after breakfast, when the thermometer was from 25 to 30 below zero and the day beautifully clear.—About 15 miles above the Fort, the bare level appearance of the country changed—Belts of wood running in all directions, separated by small plains and diversified in aspect by the gently modulating surface of the Country—this continued till we reached a small stream called Sturgeon Creek—where are the remains of a mill dam, from this a dreary plain stretched out before us, like the sea in a calm. We reached Mr. Grant's about 12 o'clock and found them all dancing, and Mr. G. himself, in that happy state, which is sometimes called glorious: we had something to eat, and then joined the dance. The bride was an interesting young girl of 15 or 16—she was dressed in white muslin trimmed with silver lace, a black kerchief over her neck and a red silk sash round her waist—her long jet black hair, braided over her forehead and down over her shoulders—though there was a great variety of colours, it accorded well with her cast of features, which struck me as being remarkably spanish—she was pale but with fine dark eyes and long eyelashes. There were other pretty girls there but none to match her.— We had dancing all day and till 4 o'clock next morning—and by 9 the following day left them—heartily tired of the scene, but thinking the bridegroom a very happy fellow.

After this we had several parties at the Fort—upwards of 20 sat down to dinner on two different occasions. Some of the last party were storm stayed, and one lady in going home, froze her toe, then her nose, and rubbing her nose she froze her finger. Of course you are aware that we have churches here—there are 4 Protestant churches and 3 Catholic places of worship—the Catholics are most numerous. This has been a busy summer, and at present we are preparing the ship Packet which leaves here tomorrow—I sat up till 1 o'clock last night writing but was obliged to go to bed then. . . . As the boats leave tomorrow for the Factory I must cut short my letter—which I had intended to stretch out somewhat further, but really I am so overcome with sleep that I scarcely can get on at all.

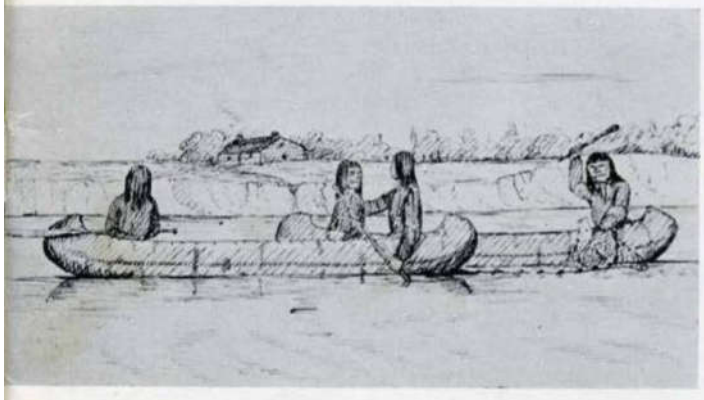
Clouston's second letter, sent off on 1 August 1844, is a more conscientious attempt to set down his impressions of Red River life and to introduce his parents to some of the notables of the colony. Again headed "Fort Garry" it is undated, but presumably was begun sometime during the winter of 1843-4.



Looking north from inside the Upper Fort, over what is now down-town Winnipeg. There is an observation gallery on the wall, and the man at the gate has evidently just fired the gun.

Tobogganing down the banks of the Red River was a winter amusement.

Indians fishing for sturgeon in the Red River using a net.



I have, I think, already informed you that my work lies in the shop, of which I have the charge, and in which I must attend from ½ past 8 a.m. till dark, in Winter, and to 7 p.m. in Summer. The Fur Trade is included in this department of the duties—but, having a smart Assistant, who attends to Customers while I write, or enter the Sales &c, the work is not laborious: to be sure there is a good deal of annoyance & vexations experienced, but one must suffer these quietly—and I have sometimes to digest my rising wrath when an outbreak of it might really be excused. When shop work is done for the day I generally write until 10 or 11 o'clock.—Saturdays we have to ourselves—& either go out on Snowshoes to hunt pheasants or take a drive in our Carioles, according to whim—Sometimes we visit Mr. Black[5] at the Lower Fort—pass the night there, accompany him to Church in the forenoon and drive home in the evening—Last Winter (1842-43) I used to call at various places on Saturdays—but it was doing violence to my feelings, inasmuch as I found it more beneficial to my health to take a walk—and as these visits of ceremony are irksome—so this year—taking a new plan, I made a round of visits among my acquaintances during the holidays and have been nowhere since, except when invited. The truth is, there is little pleasure in sitting chatting for an hour or so about the weather—with which one is previously acquainted—to tell a person, when the sky is clear and pure and all nature looking gay and happy in the bright sunshine, that "it is a fine day" *does* seem unnecessary, though it is much in vogue here. And, as is usual in small Communities, any thing that occurs in one family spreads over the whole Settlement, but by the time it reaches the most distant parts it has been so changed that no one could recognize it—thus—a person was thrown from his horse and broke his collar bone—about 20 miles from this,—but by the time the story reached here, he was reported dead. If a bachelor is seen conversing with a young lady, they are pronounced to be on the eve of marriage—and from all such occur-

rences and phenomena they invariably coin some plausible fictions & give them forth as truths—but in no instance have I known the scandal brought home to its propagator—"they have raised it" is the usual expression, who the respectable persons thus designated may be, is seldom or never clearly established.—Thus, you see, the current topics of conversation among the generality of people, spring from such polluted fountains that a person who wishes to adhere strictly to fact cannot repeat those stories he hears without feeling very uncomfortable as to their authenticity nor listen to them with confidence in their correctness.

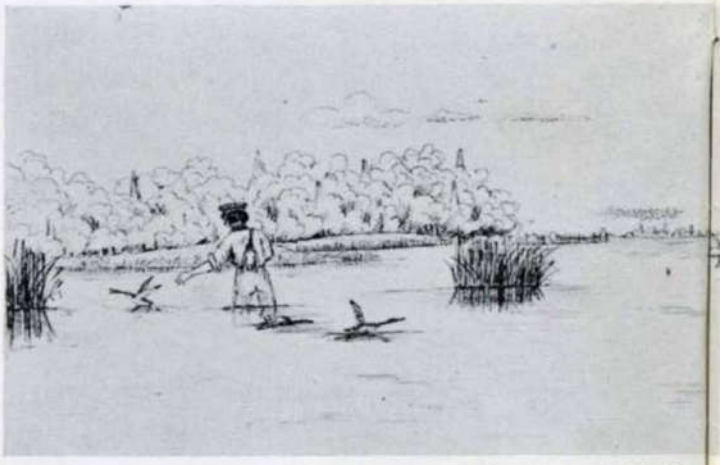
Sometime during his years at Red River Clouston had a daughter, Eliza, by a French-Indian girl, Adelaide Lapierre, so he probably suffered from the gossips himself, which may have given an edge to his remarks. But he was fair enough to recognize that there were exceptions and that Red River was not a complete intellectual desert.

In some houses there is no necessity for discussing such stuff,—the political news received by the last post forms a basis for an interesting conversation of an hour or two; and here, in the heart of the Wilderness, I have remarked with pleasure the interest that all of European birth, even those who have no hope of returning to their native land, take in the affairs of the old country,—though twenty, thirty or even forty years may have rolled past since he left his home, and though the weight of years, has sobered the hopes that once were buoyant, and furrowed the brow that once was smooth, still the love of Home glows in the old man's breast, and he listens with pleasure to news from the far distant Land, to which he is bound by early associations and the ties of Kindred.

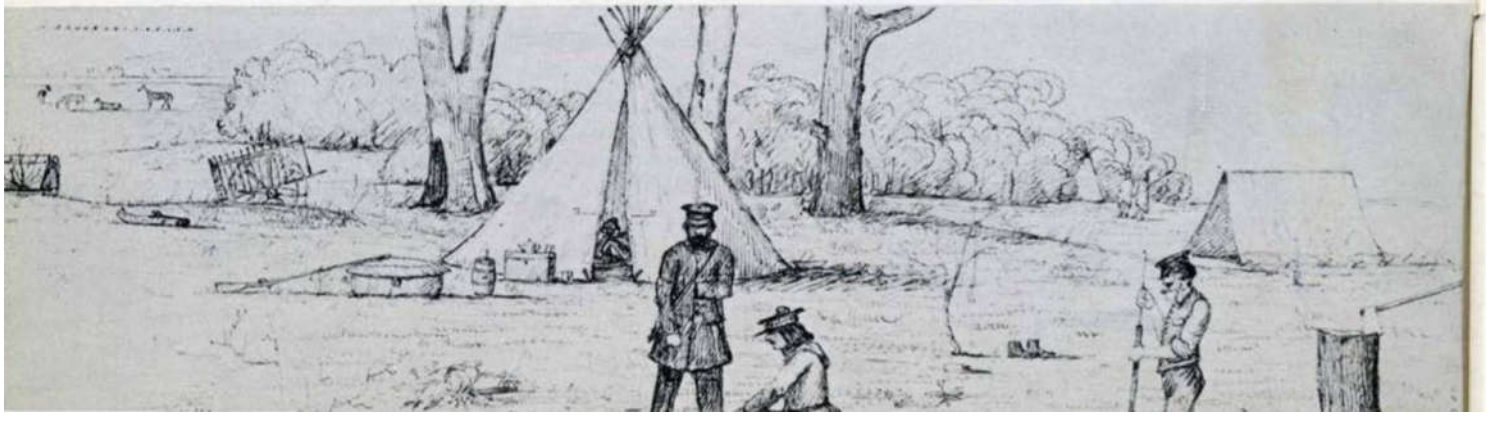
When it came to personalities Clouston's own comments can hardly have been surpassed by any Red River gossip's.

Most of the settlers are retired Servants or Officers of the Coy's Service. To begin nearest the Fort—about half a mile below are Messrs. McDermot[6] and Sinclair[7]. The first was a Clerk in the Service; he retired to Red River with from £40 to £50, and by dint of industry, perseverance, frugality and a *great talent* (?) for trafficking, he has amassed—so report says—from £8,000 to £10,000. Mr. Sinclair is Son of an Orkney gentleman by a native—and is following in McDermot's footsteps. Next is Mr. Ross,[8] also a Merchant and a man of capital—he went out to Columbia—or Astoria in the employment of John Jacob Astor, engaged in the Fur Trade, and when that Country was given up to the North West Company, Mr. R. entered their service, was subsequently in the HB service, and finally settled in Red River. Though somewhat stiff and pedantic in his appearance he is a very well-informed man—he is familiarly styled "the Professor"—from his having, at one period of his life exercised his talents and his toes, as a dancing master. Like the two first, he is considerable of a Screw; he holds the office of sheriff. These gentlemen are married to natives who seldom make their appearance before strangers,—except in church.

Mr. Logan[9] is next—he is reputed a rich man but Keeps a small shop by way of passing the time—Some years ago he married the waiting maid of one of the Governesses from England—who need not be described



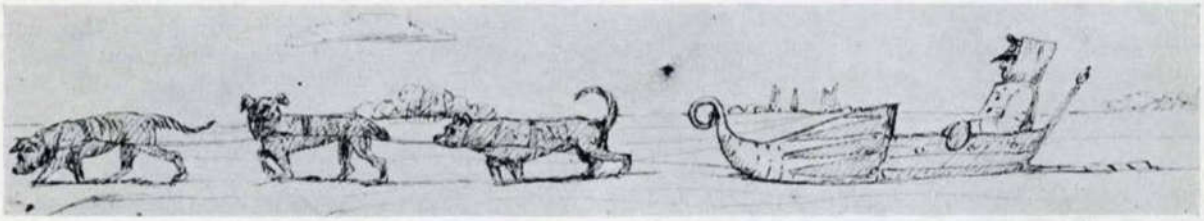
Man in the water picks up crippled ducks.



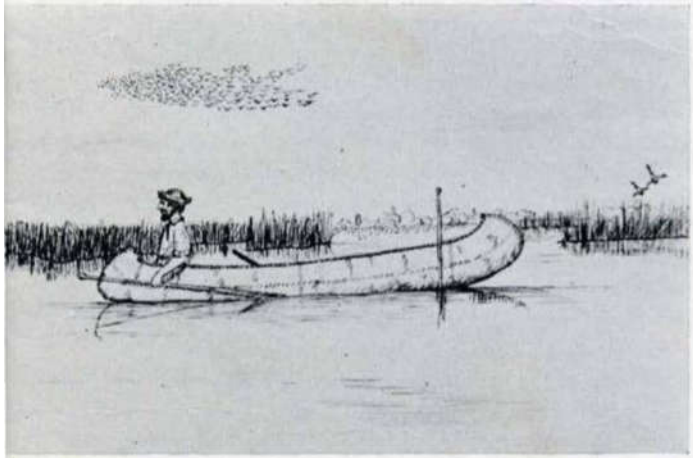
to you— She is however, very hospitable and endeavours to do the honors of her house as well as she can—Mr. L. had a family by a former marriage with a native,—two of his daughters live with him,—one is a pleasant girl—but they don't appear before visitors.

Next is the Academy for young ladies and Gentlemen —under the management of Mr. Macallum,[10] who is married to a daughter of C. Factor Charles—she is an agreeable little woman—quite English in her manner: Miss McAllum *that was*, married this winter her brother's father-in-law, Mr. Charles[11]—rather a queer connection but not within the forbidden degrees, . . . The ladies of this Academy are as strictly guarded from communication with other people as the inmates of a Turkish Seraglio—We see their sweet faces on Sundays—and truly (don't you agree with me?) there is something more pleasing in looking upon the bright eyes that flash from the front of the gallery than in gazing at such a man as Mr. Roberts, for instance—but, alack the while, the present batch of nuns cannot boast much beauty—though they almost all have fine eyes—I'll not say that I prefer black eyes, because the Orkney ladies being in general Blue, it would not be patriotic.

Ensuite, we come to Carlton House, the residence of Mr. Pruden,[12] late a C.F. & uncle to Mr. Harriott my old bourgeois— He is married to an English lady who came out as Governess, but Mr. P. being in search of domestic bliss (?) married her, and now she rules him and his house with a rod—not quite so light as a fairy's touch. In truth, it is said he caught a tartar—and certainly to judge from appearances she is *not* blessed with an angel's temper—but my sketch is dwindling down to bare Scandal and Margaret[13] will be apt to accuse me (as she did a certain young lady) of being too severe upon my neighbours.



Dog carriole, sometimes used for recreation instead of the horse carriole.



The hunting scene is Long Lake, Red River.

The next in turn are Mr. Bunn and his son "The Doctor"[14] and truly they are different from all the others —Mr. Bunn is a Londoner—he has never been home since he came to the Country and is now 79 but is still an active man, though old age is making itself known—he is a very entertaining companion, full of fun and good humour—Dr. Bunn is a well informed man and a capital companion; he is the only medical man in the Settlement, and when sickness prevails, has severe work—having a range of from 50 to 60 miles and is but poorly paid for his attendance.

But I have forgotten "The Elms" the "location" of Mr. Pritchard[15]—a good old man, and, I fancy, one of the most contented beings a person can meet with. He has one fault, namely prosing—and in case I should be convicted of the same I shall merely say, that he is one who would be likely to seize a man by the button of his coat, when he was bent upon some interesting amusement, such as a flirtation or elopement for instance—and holding him there while he delivered a dissertation on Bookkeeping or examined with critical acumen the policy of the last ministerial measure—His lady is a Scotchwoman who will spin you a long yarn about wool and worsted—in Gaelic—He is always inclined to look

Duck hunters' camp near Lake Manitoba shows Red River cart, tipis as well as A-tent, officer's cassette (wooden trunk), guide cooking.

upon the bright side of things and to find beauty in plainness and sublimity in devastation—as, for example —when in 1826 the Settlement was flooded, and he like others, was driven, by the rising of the water, to the roof of his house, whence he saw Houses, haystacks, pigs and a variety of odds and ends floating in grand confusion down the current, he exclaimed, turning up his enthusiastic eyes with fervor, "What a glorious scene"!!!—

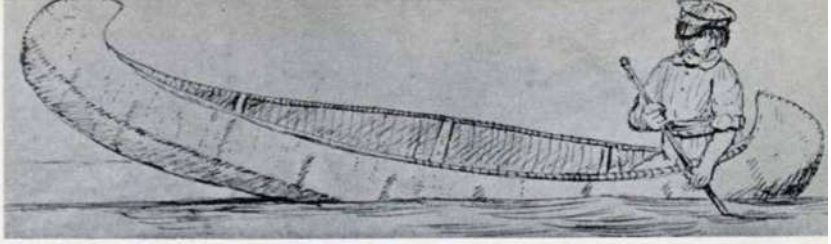
"White Cottage" the tenement of James Bird Esq. next dazzles our Sight and claims my notice as a place where I have had hospitable entertainment more than once. Mr B was at one time the leading man in the country and retired to Red River shortly after the coalition of the Companies. Some years ago he married a Mrs. Lomond—who came out as Governess for Mr Jones' Academy—"another Governess"! you will say—Certainly, all of 'em except Miss Allan[16] got husbands, but she being rather out of date stands but a small chance. Mr. Lane and I dined at Mr. Bird's this winter and Madame endeavoured to amuse us till teatime as well as she could, by playing the piano (which by the way was horridly out of tune)—singing "we lived and loved together" and speaking of her daughter Miss Lomond,[17] who is a nice looking girl. Mr. Bird talked of former days and gave me a pretty good notion of the way in which the business was conducted in his time.

The next member of our Aristocaracy is Mr. Sutherland,[18] whose Castle is styled "Strawberry Point": he is a native of So. Ronaldshay—he rose to the rank of C.F., and retired a few years after the coalition. He is a kind old man,—he and I always *get talking* about Orkney, but I didn't know any of the characters of his day, so that we have no mutual acquaintances. The Revd. Mr. Cockran[19] is the next in succession,—he is a sincerely good man, and labours unceasingly for the eternal welfare of those committed to his care. Mr. Smithurst[20] you have seen—The only one else, except the catholic priests, is Mr. Grant, warden of the plains, who lives at the White Horse plains, about 20 miles above this: he was in the Service of the Nor'west and was leader of the Halfbreeds at the time Governor Semple was killed. He has run through a fortune of £8,000—so you see he is rather extravagant.

Two years in Red River had led Clouston to a serious consideration of what life in the Settlement meant for many of the inhabitants and he was pessimistic about its future.

Captn Cary[21] . . . you may recollect, came out with Mr. Lewes[22] in 1836. He rents the Company's farm, and lives with his family in great seclusion, though he and his lady are frequently our guests. Whether his circumstances have forced him thus to expatriate himself & family, or whether it is from choice that he left the civilized world and settled in the Wilderness, I pity the determination he has come to, for he is a man who can enjoy society and has manners and accomplishments which would render him an agreeable and welcome guest anywhere—and has a large family growing up, whose prospects, like those of others who adopt this Country, are but gloomy. People in leaving their native Land with the probability staring them in the face, that they will never return to it, require some equivalent for the sacrifice of feeling which they make, and the long and dearly cherished ties of Kindred and Home which are severed by their exile—In some countries, Canada for example, an industrious, careful man may make himself comfortable and feel confident that he leaves his family out of the reach of want, and in a community where their talents properly directed may raise them to affluence, but here the case is different, and prying into the dim vista of futurity, it requires a very small degree of penetration to see that the lapse of ages will not materially change the state of affairs here for the better, though very probably for the worse. The soil is exceedingly fertile and, with comparatively easy labour produces abundance of the staple necessaries of life—on this account I think it a good place for the labouring classes—those who are destined to plod on the same humble walk of life in which their ancestors have trod before them, but for the man of Education or the man of capital, it is a wasting of his time and shews an undervaluing truly deplorable, of the benefits providence has bestowed upon him— Such is my opinion, which I offer, with all deference to the views and sentiments of those entertaining a contrary opinion, merely for your information, not from any idea that I can see further through a millstone than other folks. ◆

A soldier (without snowshoes) hunting grouse in winter.



White man learning to paddle a birch-bark canoe.

NOTES

1. Clouston's letters were preserved in his sister's family and were lent to the author by her granddaughter, the late Mrs. Rosalind Pelly, of Witham Lodge, Essex, England.

2. James Bird, born in Acton, Middlesex, 1773, entered the Hudson's Bay service in 1788. He became Chief Factor in 1819 and retired in 1824 to the Red River Settlement where he held various appointments. His first wife, Elizabeth, an Indian, died in 1834 and in 1835 he married Mrs. Mary Lowman, a widow, who was a teacher at the Red River Academy. According to Letitia Hargrave Mrs. Bird became "the leader of fashion at Red River." James Bird died in 1856.

3. Richard Lane came to York Factory as a clerk in 1838 with Clouston. He was stationed at Red River 1838-45. He married Andrew McDermot's daughter, Mary, 1846.

4. Son of Cuthbert Grant of the North West Company, he was employed in their service. He was leader of the half-breeds at the massacre of Seven Oaks. He was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for a few months in 1823-4 but retired in 1824. In 1828 he was appointed Warden of the Plains, an appointment which he held for about twenty years, his duty being to prevent the illicit trade in furs. He died in 1854.

5. John Black entered the Hudson's Bay service as a clerk in 1839. In 1845 he married a daughter of Governor Alexander Christie. He became a Chief Trader in 1848 and retired in 1855. He later became Recorder and Judge in Red River Settlement.

6. Andrew McDermot, one of the leaders of the free trade element in the settlement. Born about 1790, he was descended from the kings of Ireland. He lived at Red River from 1824 until his death in 1881. One of his daughters married Governor William Mactavish, and another married Richard Lane.

7. James Sinclair, half-Cree son of William Sinclair Chief of West Winipic, and brother of Chief Factor William Sinclair. He graduated from the University of Edinburgh and returned to Red River in 1828, to become a "petty trader" with Andrew McDermot. In 1841 he took a party of settlers from Red River to Oregon for the H B C. He was killed at Walla Walla in 1856.

8. Alexander Ross, born in Scotland, 1783, taught school in Upper Canada, and was among the men who founded Astoria in 1811. Later he served the North West Company west of the mountains and after the 1821 union Simpson offered him a post as teacher at Red River. It was probably for this reason, and not for the one Clouston gives, that he received his nickname. He became Sheriff at Red River in 1839 and died in 1856. He wrote several books.

9. Robert Logan, born 1775 in London, served first with the North West Company and entered the H B C in 1814. He was appointed to look after Selkirk's affairs at Red River in 1819 and remained there to become, in Simpson's opinion, its "best settler." After his first wife's death he married in 1839 Mrs. Sarah Ingham who had come to Red River as companion to Mrs. Lowman on her appointment to the Academy by Rev. D. T. Jones, and who began a boarding school at Point Douglas. Clouston is mistaken in calling her a servant; Letitia Hargrave refers to her as a governess, and Donald Ross wrote James Hargrave that Logan's marriage almost broke up Jones's female school, and would have done so if Macallum had not taken over the teaching of the girls. Logan died in 1866.

10. The Rev. John Macallum came to Red River in 1833 and, under the Rev. David T. Jones, Chaplain to the H B C, opened a boarding school for the children of officers in the service and the better class of settlers which he carried on until his death in 1849. In 1836, he married Elizabeth Charles, the youngest daughter of Chief Factor John Charles by his first wife, Jane Auld.

11. John Charles born in Westminster 1784, entered the Hudson's Bay service in 1799. He retired to Red River in 1843. Letitia Hargrave said he was the oldest and richest Chief Factor and a notorious miser. After the death of his first wife, Jane Auld, he married Margaret Macallum, sister of the Rev. John Macallum in 1844. They left the settlement in 1845 to settle in Scotland.

12. John Peter Pruden, born about 1779 in Edmonton, Middlesex, entered the Hudson's Bay service in 1791. He became Chief Factor in 1836 and retired to Red River in 1837 where he died in 1870. In 1839 he married Miss Anne Armstrong, governess in Macallum's school. Letitia Hargrave called Pruden "the best man in the Settlement" but had some scandalous tales to tell of Miss Armstrong on her journey out to York. Thomas Simpson who travelled with her from York to Red River in 1835, however, thought her pious, unaffected, well-read and a fearless traveller. John Edward Harriott, under whom Clouston had served on the Saskatchewan, was the son of Pruden's sister. He joined the H B C in 1809, was appointed Chief Factor in 1846 and retired to Red River in 1855.

13. Clouston's elder sister, Margaret, who married the Reverend Samuel Clouston, a Presbyterian minister in Orkney.

14. Thomas Bunn, a native of Hendon, Middlesex, entered the Hudson's Bay service in 1797 as a clerk and was stationed at Moose and York Factories 1803-19. He and his country wife, Phoebe Sinclair (sister of James, see above) were the first couple married by the first Protestant chaplain in the west, Rev. John West (at Rock Depot in 1820). They retired to Red River in 1822. Their son John Bunn, born about 1800, educated at Edinburgh University, served the H B C as surgeon in the *Eddystone* and in Rupert's Land from 1819-24. He then settled at Red River. Thomas Bunn died in 1853, Dr. Bunn in 1861.

15. John Pritchard was born in Shropshire in 1777. In 1801 he became a clerk in the XY or New North West Company. He retired from the fur trade in 1814 but was prevented by the Nor'Westers from settling at Red River. In Montreal that year he told Colin Robertson of the North West Company's plans to destroy the settlement and then made a 6-month winter journey back to Red River by way of Moose and York to warn Governor Macdonell. He died at Red River in 1856.

16. Miss Allan came out to Fort Garry as governess to the girls of the Red River school in 1840. She was middle-aged, unqualified, and somewhat eccentric but, in spite of what Clouston says, she seems to have been on the point of marrying James Sutherland (see below) when he suddenly died. She returned to England in 1845.

17. Mrs. Bird, formerly Mrs. Mary Lowman, had two children by her first husband, both of whom came out after she married James Bird. She had brought her piano from London, the first at Red River.

18. James Sutherland was born in Orkney in 1778 and entered the Hudson's Bay service in 1797. He retired in 1827 and died in 1844, just after Clouston's letter was written. He married his country wife, Jane Flett in 1828. It was he whom Miss Allan was supposed to marry.

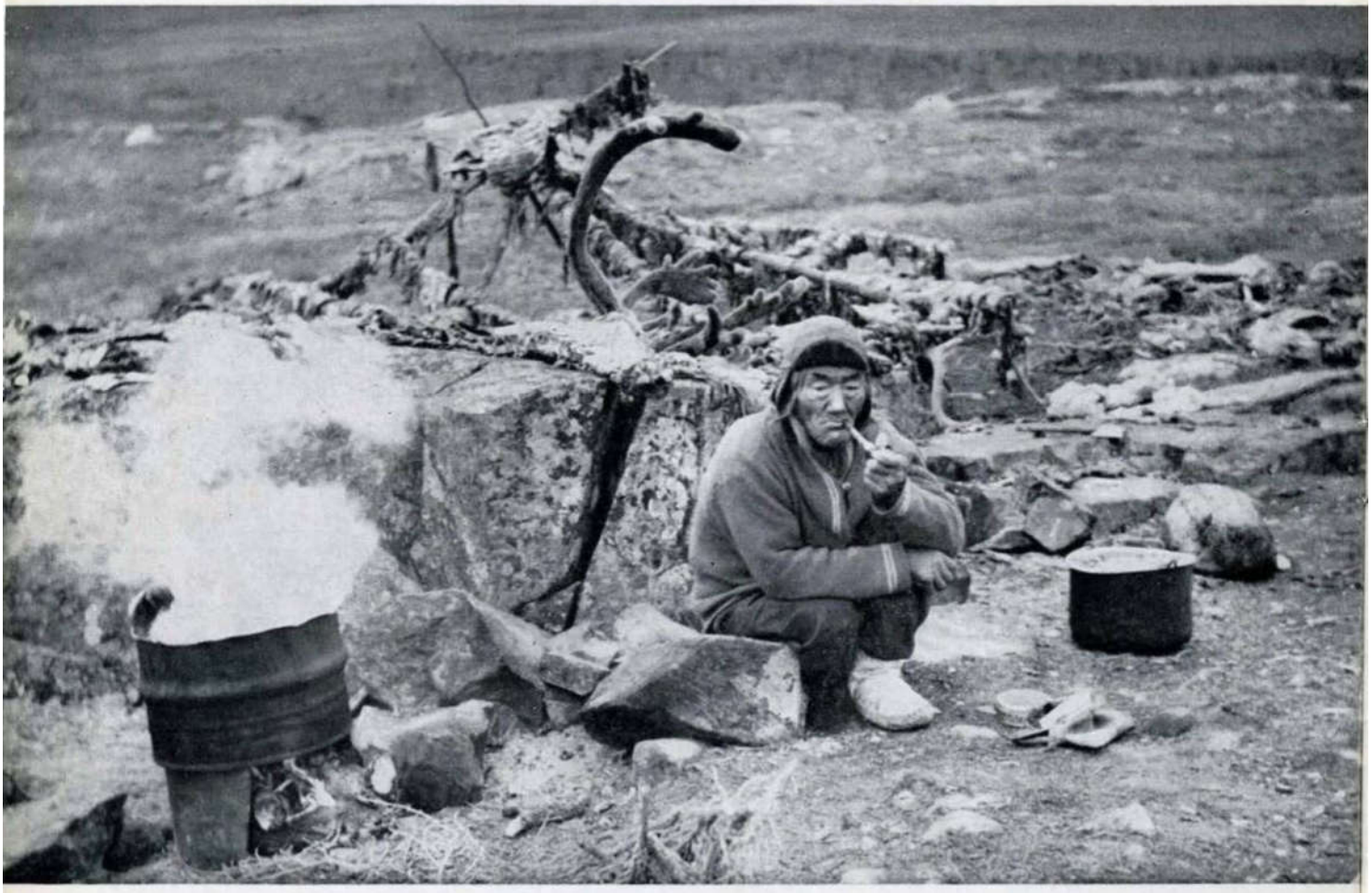
19. The Rev. William Cockran was born at Chillingham, Northumberland, in 1798 and came to Red River in 1825 as assistant chaplain to the Rev. David T. Jones, whom he succeeded in 1838. Cockran pleased the Presbyterians in the colony, who had no minister of their own, by accommodating the Church of England services somewhat to their ideas and he was the first missionary to work among the Indians. Cockran became an archdeacon in 1857. He died in 1865, and was buried at St. Andrew's Church, Red River, which he had founded in 1831. The third church, which he built on the site in 1849, is still in existence.

20. The Rev. John Smithurst, of the Church Missionary Society, came to the parish of St. Peter's (the Indian Settlement) in 1839, succeeding the Rev. William Cockran. He returned to England in 1851 and later became vicar at Elora, Ontario. Coming out by ship to York, Smithurst would have met Clouston's parents when the ship called at Orkney.

21. Captain George Marcus Cary was an Irishman who went to Red River in 1836 to take charge of the third experimental farm established in the colony. Alexander Ross spoke highly of his character, manners and business habits, but discounted his agricultural knowledge as all theory. The farm was not a success and Cary retired to the settlement in 1841. Ross says that he later moved with his family to Canada.

22. John Lee Lewes, born 1791 in Southwark, entered H B C service 1807 and served in Rupert's Land and the West. He was appointed Chief Factor in 1830 and retired in 1853 to St. Andrew's. He was on furlough in 1835-6 and returned in the same ship as Cary.

caribou eskimo witho



A Caribou Eskimo man, near Padlei, cooking meat from a recently killed caribou.
All photographs by the author

BY WENDELL H. OSWALT

Dr. Oswalt is assistant professor in the department of anthropology and sociology at the University of California.

ut caribou

PEOPLE interested in Eskimos throughout the Arctic and Subarctic could very well generalize about current conditions with summary remarks such as these. "The Soviet Eskimos have had their old way of life destroyed and been remade into a collective society while the United States has shown a casual and rather disinterested paternalism toward Alaskan Eskimos. The Greenlanders have no real problems since the Danish administration has consistently attempted to slowly blend the old and new without exploiting the people. Canada, in contrast with other nations, has just recently acknowledged that it has an Eskimo population." Like all sweeping generalizations these tend to melt under careful scrutiny. There are indications that the Soviets have not been entirely successful in the reorganization of Siberian Eskimo social life. Likewise Alaskan Eskimos have thrived in spite of casual governmental interest in their welfare. The statements on the increasingly idyllic conditions among Greenlandic Eskimos come largely from Danish writers, who may not be entirely objective observers.

When you ponder the comment that Canada has just discovered her Eskimo population, the statement applies mainly to the national government since traders and missionaries have long had a sustained interest in these people. Most important in the Canadian attitude today is that now the Eskimo difficulties are realized on a national level a concerted effort is being made to arrive at working solutions for diverse local problems. The dynamics of these programs can not be equalled elsewhere. What seems particularly significant in Canada is that the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources has often called in social scientists to contribute their skills in the solution of specific problems. Today, it is inconceivable that the Soviet Union would request or permit an objective study of its local Eskimo problems. It is likewise difficult to visualize the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the United States requesting social scientist aid in solving problems of Alaskan Eskimo administration. Canada alone has acknowledged the need for systematic studies of local conditions as the first step in planning the future.

When you think of Canadian Eskimos and their pressing adjustment problems, the first group that comes to mind is the remnant of the Caribou Eskimos on the Barren Grounds of western Hudson Bay. Their technology is extremely primitive, their social organization barely extends beyond the family level, and their religious system is simplicity itself. It is a monumental tribute to the viability of human culture that the Caribou Eskimos have maintained their aboriginal way of life down to the present time. But tomorrow is something else again, for caribou are scarce and without this animal there can not be an enduring Caribou Eskimo society in the Barren Grounds. This is the vexing problem that I would like to consider as an anthropologist. During the summer of 1959, with Dr. James VanStone of the University of Toronto anthropology department, and supported by funds from the Department of Northern Affairs and the University of California, I went to Eskimo Point and then to Padlei to make a field study of local conditions. There is no question that there are persons more familiar with the contemporary Caribou Eskimos than I, but it was hoped that my general knowledge of Eskimos and specific familiarity with Alaskan Eskimos would make it possible for me to suggest paths of administrative action that could aid the Caribou Eskimos. Thus, I would like to consider first the present day conditions of these people and then suggest possible means for improving these conditions.

The general circumstances of the Caribou Eskimos are well enough known so that it is only necessary to review them briefly. In essence the problem is that the caribou are not nearly so plentiful as they were in early historic times. The reasons for the scarcity are beyond the scope of our interest; what is of major concern is the extreme importance of caribou to these people. Caribou were food, clothing, shelter, and life itself. With a decline in caribou there has been an accompanying decline in the Eskimo population. A very small number of people have managed to continue living in their traditional homeland on the Barren Grounds. This includes about one hundred and twenty individuals in the vicinity of the Padlei post and Yathkyed Lake. In spite of the tenacity of this remnant population it seems apparent that their way of life is moribund. More and more of the people have been forced to move to the coast since they can not sustain themselves inland.

In early historic times some of the Caribou Eskimos customarily visited the western shore of Hudson Bay during midsummer. Their primary purpose in this seasonal migration was to obtain trade items from the coastal trading vessels. The pattern of annual movement put

Eskimo summer tent on the beach at Eskimo Point in front of the Roman Catholic mission.

the people in touch with a segment of greater Canadian society. The Eskimos offered white fox pelts in exchange for manufactured goods, and soon they came to regard as necessities such commodities as tea, flour, rifles, cloth, and hardware. All went reasonably well until the drastic drop in fox prices. Then their one commodity which had been desired by the outside world was suddenly no longer salable for a reasonable price. It was then extremely difficult to return to an aboriginal way of life, for old ways are soon forgotten when some less difficult means of subsisting is learnt. To further complicate life on the Barrens caribou became scarce, which made the situation desperate. In general the less tradition-oriented families voluntarily moved to the coast. Others, particularly the group in the vicinity of Ennadai Lake, were moved to the coast by the government when their survival became a matter of doubt. Most of the migrants settled at least temporarily in Eskimo Point. However, living at this community did not mean completely abandoning their traditional way of life. Families could still range inland and camp there during the fall and winter, subsisting upon caribou when they could be found or upon fish when caribou were scarce. Some families did not linger at Eskimo Point but moved on to Rankin Inlet to work in the nickel mine, while still others were resettled at Rankin Inlet. Thus, today most of the Caribou Eskimos spend at least part of the year along the western shore of Hudson Bay, while a few remain inland year-round. The greatest concentration, some 165 individuals, is at Eskimo Point, and it is these people that I want to consider further.

Eskimo Point is the Caribou Eskimo "capital," serving as a trading, administrative and mission centre for this general area. The settlement consists of narrow rows of structures scattered along the southerly beach on a small inlet some 140 miles north of Churchill. The physical arrangement of the village indicates a great deal about the lives of the residents. The most striking initial impression is that the whites are firmly established. The substantial and freshly painted buildings of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Hudson's Bay Company dominate the village. Likewise there are the federal school installation and the missions, both Roman Catholic and Anglican, all of which are permanent in nature. The Eskimo dwellings convey a very different impression, for the houses are strikingly impermanent. In the winter most families live in snowhouses, and summer dwellings are consistently cloth tents. A few Eskimo houses are semi-permanent winter dwellings constructed of odd pieces of lumber, cardboard, and tarpaulins; additionally, there are three frame houses belonging to Eskimos. These Eskimos in general are not obviously committed to the community as a permanent place of residence. They regard Eskimo Point as a logical coastal residence since it provides them with access to interior hunting, fishing and trapping country, while at the settlement they have the advantages of trading and mission facilities.

Since the federal government recently completed a substantial school, it obviously considers that the community will have an increasingly large and permanent population. The Eskimos too have committed themselves to the village but only from sheer necessity and then only

on a temporary basis. They keep hoping that the number of caribou will increase and it will be possible to follow once again their former way of life; however, this does not appear to be a realistic view. There must necessarily be a reorientation of economic activities so that the people can better fit into the economic structure of Canada. The Caribou Eskimos are at a double disadvantage in this regard, for they can not do that which they know best, which is caribou hunting, let alone profit from it in terms of trade goods. They can still trap fox, and the market today is improving so that this is a significant source of exchange.

The second reason many of the Caribou Eskimos are at a distinct disadvantage is that they are at Eskimo Point out of necessity and their Barren Grounds way of life is ill adapted to living along the coast. They must begin to exploit more fully the fish and sea mammals found in Hudson Bay. The Caribou Eskimos are not good boatmen nor proficient sea mammal hunters. One highly desirable function of the new school would be to familiarize the people thoroughly with sea mammal hunting and fishing. At present most people do not have the equipment necessary for attempting efficiently either of these subsistence activities, and yet the equipment and knowledge are necessary. It might be wise for the federal government to purchase the equipment and sell it to the people through long term loans. Considering the already sizable investment that Northern Affairs has at Eskimo Point, it would be better to try introducing some new subsistence techniques which would result in a sound long-term economy rather than hope the people can struggle along during good years and fall back on special federal aid in lean years.

Another means for improving the economic basis of community life, one which seems to work particularly well in northwestern Alaska, would be to encourage the men to work in accessible cities during the times of the year when there is little that can be done in the way of subsistence activities in the village. Such a work round has the advantage of bringing cash back into the village, and it familiarizes individual Eskimos with the outside world with which they have increasing indirect contact.

A woman at Eskimo Point making boot soles.

Old style dwelling made of canvas, at Eskimo Point.

It is reasonable to hope that with outside encouragement the Eskimo population will increase in size and again assume some of its old vitality in this new setting. A major difficulty is that the people are now disorganized and confused at their new home. There is little precedent in Caribou Eskimo society for large numbers of people living near one another for extended periods of time. Previously the families were isolated most of the year so that there was little need for any over-all organization. When they began to increase their contacts with whites, it developed that the police, missionaries, and traders, mainly through economic sanctions, manipulated the people into doing as they thought best. This in turn made the leaders of Caribou Eskimo society the whites with whom they had contact. These circumstances have

Some of the permanent buildings at Eskimo Point; mission on left, H B C store in background.

changed in recent years with the formation of the federal Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources. This organization has assumed the responsibility for "leading" the Eskimos and has clearly formulated the general policy of encouraging greater self-determination among Eskimos. Such "leadership" is designed to improve the status of the Eskimos without destroying their culture.

The pressing question is how Caribou Eskimo leadership may be fostered in this new and different setting. Today each household consists of a man, his wife, and children. This is the only real social unit in the village. There is no community organization above the family level that embraces each family. If these people had come together gradually and of their own accord, then larger, more complex social institutions would eventually have emerged, but such is not the situation. The people have been brought together largely through outside forces, and thus they exist in an artificial environment. If the group is to continue to live together, one of two alternatives is likely. The people will remain disorganized and eventually drift apart as a society, or they will gain social cohesion and thrive as a more complex society. The latter alternative is certainly desired by most interested persons, but since the recent leaders have been whites, it is the whites who will have to turn the leadership back to the Eskimos. The problem is to accomplish this in practical terms. One of the first steps could be to make the Caribou Eskimos realize that Eskimo Point is their new home and not a temporary shelter. They see all about them that it is the "home" of the school, police, trading post, and missions. Each of these institutions has a formal plot of ground clearly defined with boundary markers, and these lands are not open to settlement except to persons directly connected with one of the organizations. There should likewise be a clearly defined sector of the village where the Eskimos can live. Such an area should not be infringed upon so that these people too can be

Caribou Eskimo living near Padlei, cooking in a brush shelter.

made a part of the existing village plan rather than accepted as casual transients. This step would begin to give the people a new environmental identity.

Another desirable change would be to provide substantial housing for the Caribou Eskimo residents. There is clearly a need for this, since the people are giving up their old mobile way of life for which the tent and snowhouse were well adapted. Some of them recognize this new need for more permanent homes and have built semi-permanent homes from cast-off lumber and tarpaulins. It would be worthwhile for the government to provide compact houses for families desiring them. These houses could be small wooden structures perhaps about twelve feet square with low ceilings and sod banked about the walls. Such dwellings would be far more satisfactory than the tent and snowhouse, particularly during the early spring and late fall when snowhouses cannot be occupied and tents are extremely inadequate dwellings. Wooden houses would also provide a greater commitment to the physical village. Houses of this sort possibly could be purchased on long term loans in the manner that some Alaskan Eskimos build or improve their homes with loans from the Alaskan Housing Authority. Furthermore, there should be some physical locus at which the people could gather as Caribou Eskimos. Today they may socialize upon certain occasions in the school, but this is a courtesy

Skin tent home on the Barren Grounds. The bigger boy is blowing up a balloon given him by the writer.

of the teacher. Likewise they may visit in the Roman Catholic social hall, but in so doing they tend to align themselves with a particular faith. What is needed is a building where the people can congregate as Eskimos of Eskimo Point, where they can build boats or sleds, see motion pictures or just visit with one another without a commitment to some white organization. This could be an early step in the creation of feelings of group unity beyond the family.

It would not be realistic simply to introduce improvements in the physical community without attempting to refocus the social lives of the people. As mentioned earlier the traders, police, and missionaries have in essence been the Caribou Eskimo leaders. This situation is being altered rapidly with the increasing scope of government activities, particularly with its policy of placing representatives, Northern Service Officers, in population centres to formally represent governmental interests. It would be a mistake for the Northern Service Officers to assume the same authoritarian attitudes toward the Eskimos as other whites have done. It would be much more sound in the long run to encourage the development of village leaders. Now that the people are grouped together in a seemingly permanent setting, there will be more and more group problems, such as loose dogs, sanitation, thefts, property rights, and so on. One effective manner in which these problems, if they are recognized as such, could be resolved would be through an elected village council organization. A council organized and guided by the Department of Northern Affairs and with clearcut powers over village affairs could be an effective step toward uniting the people and giving them some feeling of self-determination.

I have attempted to suggest various means by which the Caribou Eskimos can endure as a people. In each instance the suggested changes acknowledge that the old way of life which they have known for generations is past, but it is recognized that this need not mean their identity as Eskimos is also doomed. It seems quite likely that Caribou Eskimo society can continue to endure when one considers the resiliency of these people and the efforts of the Canadian government to help the Eskimos without destroying them as a people. I am sure that to many persons the fate of 165 Caribou Eskimos is of little concern and that in the total view of Canadian society these people are an insignificant minority group. But there is also the matter of national conscience. It would be unfortunate if amidst the wealth and enlightenment of Canada today, we were forced to look back in a few years and find that the Caribou Eskimos had been lost forever, as has been the case with so many primitive peoples in remote areas of the world. ◆

Teacher of history and geography in the St. Thomas Collegiate, Mr. Thorman received a Canada Council grant for research on Albany Factory in the Archives. He has also worked in the H B C archives in London.

AN EARLY MAP OF JAMES BAY

BY GEORGE E. THORMAN

AMONG the manuscripts in the British Museum there is an old undated map of the west side of James Bay from Cape Henrietta Maria to Moose River. It was made by Thomas Moore and it may be the first surviving map of the Hudson Bay region drawn by an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. Ascertaining its date depends upon two criteria: the information in the map and the name of the maker.

The original map,* 13 by 16½ inches, is coloured along the shore lines in pink and yellow; yellow from Athobiska south to Equan and west to Minehequakame, the rest pink except for 'Hays Iland' which is yellow. This may represent drainage basins or may be for decorative purposes. The divisions of yellow and pink at the Chechette Marshes represent fairly accurately the height of land to the north of Lake Nipigon. The map is oriented with the south at the top, which would be logical on approaching James Bay from Hudson Strait.

The use of Chechettuan for Albany proves the map is of fairly early vintage. In 1683, the Company changed the name from Chichewan to Albany, and John Thornton's map of 1685 uses the name Albany. However, the name Chichewan, or one of its numerous alternative spellings, persisted for some time especially on French maps.

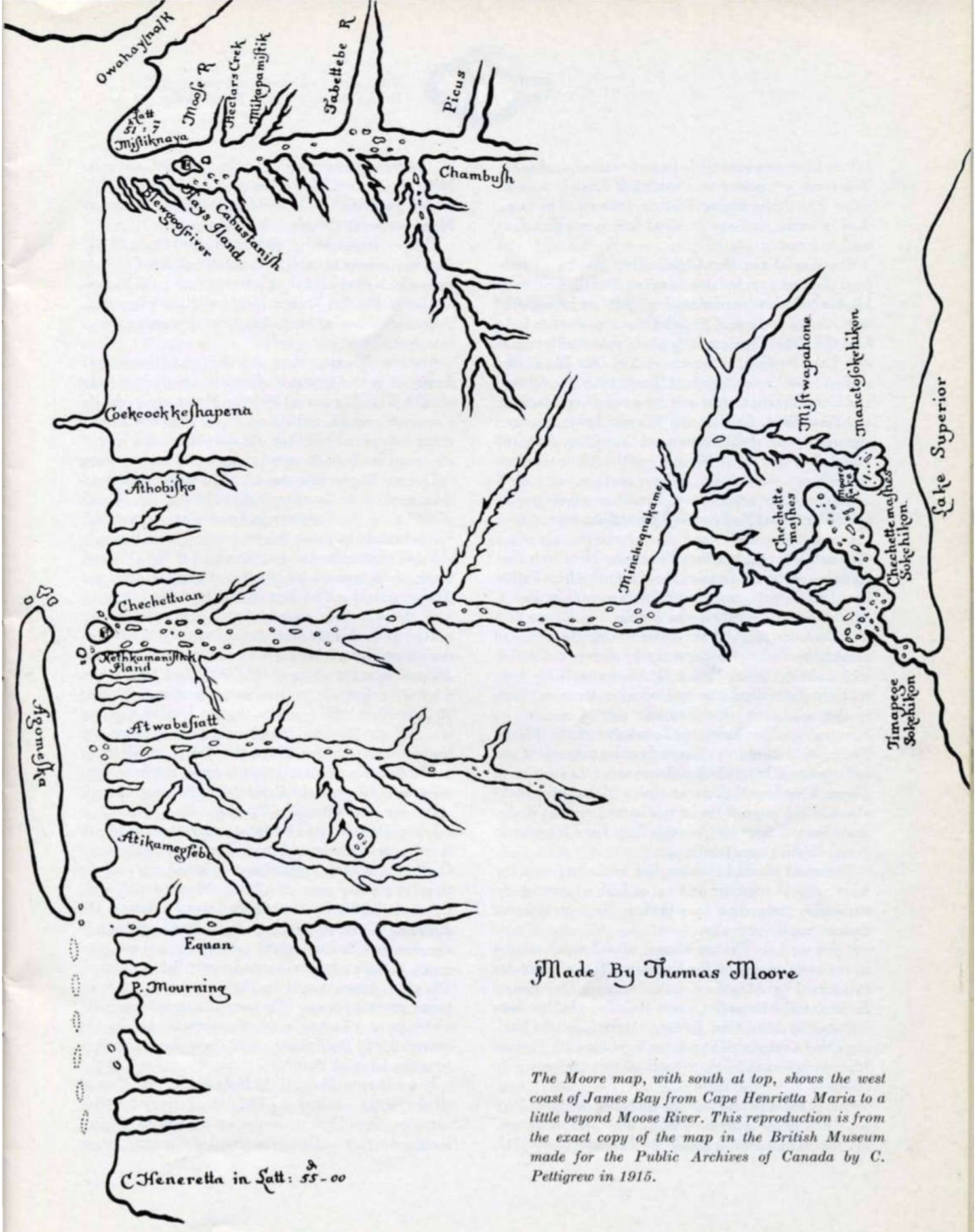
The map has several interesting features. Moose Factory is shown on Hayes Island, but Moore locates it in a central position, whereas most authorities insist it was built near the western end. In 1673 Bayly built a small house at Moose River for occasional occupation and this house was permanently occupied from 1674 or 1675 until captured by De Troyes in 1686.

Although, we should not assume that Moore meant to pinpoint the sites of Albany and Moose, it should be noticed that he has definitely located Albany Factory at the western end of Bayly Island, instead of the eastern end, the position where most authorities place it. Bayly first went to Albany in 1674 and a house of some strength was located there before Bayly's return to England in 1679. Therefore the date of the map falls between 1674 and '78 when Moore finished his service in the Bay.

The Ekwan (Equan) is located correctly in relation to Akimiski (Agomeska) Island, and the island, though greatly elongated on Moore's map, does stretch from the Ekwan to the Albany. If Moore's Atwabesiatt is the modern Attawapiskat, he has placed it south of the Atikames (on Moore's map the Atikamegsebe—sebe means river) which is a tributary of the Kapiskan. The Abitibi (Tabettebe) is correctly indicated, as is Cockispenny (Cockcockkeshapena).

Athobiska is a Cree word meaning "the place of the reeds." It is not mentioned in any of the Albany Journals but references are made to Thawapuscau, Thawawpiska and Vapuska, places which the journals locate at the site of Moore's Athobiska. Nethkamanistek Island is not mentioned in any of the journals.

*Brit. Mus. Add MS. Vol. 5027A, fol. 64.



The Moore map, with south at top, shows the west coast of James Bay from Cape Henrietta Maria to a little beyond Moose River. This reproduction is from the exact copy of the map in the British Museum made for the Public Archives of Canada by C. Pettigrew in 1915.

Hays Iland (Moose) enlarged from the British Museum map. North at top.

Port Mourning is correctly located north of the Equan. This name is repeated on French and English maps as either Port Mourning or Port de Tristesse. The name does not seem to have survived and is not found on modern maps.

The map shows the Albany River flowing directly from the west and draining an area called the Chechette Mashes (marshes) consisting of several large lakes dotted with islands, and one of these lakes is connected to Lake Superior. The Chechette Marshes undoubtedly represent Lake Nipigon. It is very evident that Moore had no first hand knowledge about the course of the Albany, and his information could only have come from Radisson and Groseilliers. Thus, it can be argued that this map represents proof that Radisson and Groseilliers did travel from Lake Superior via Nipigon and the Albany to reach James Bay.

On the other hand, Grace Lee Nute proves pretty conclusively that Radisson and Groseilliers did not have the time in either 1659 or 1660 to make the trip which Radisson later claimed they had made. Nute feels that Radisson got his information about the route from Father Druillettes, who, in turn got his information from Awatanik, an Algonkin Indian who during 1658-59 travelled from Superior to the Bay, coasted along the Bay and eventually reached the Saguenay by a river connecting with Lake St. John. Father Druillettes probably gave Radisson this information in 1660 when they were both in Quebec. Later, when Radisson wanted evidence to convince the English of his knowledge of the Albany Route, he plucked this account from his convenient and agile memory. In all likelihood, he passed the story on to Moore. Therefore, the inaccuracies on Moore's map could also be cited as proof for Nute's contention that Radisson's Journal describing his trip from Lake Superior to James Bay is a pure fabrication.

The name Moore Lake attached to the largest of the lakes must be regarded as a bit of Irish whimsy or the irresistible temptation map makers have to preserve their names for posterity.

There are four Thomas Moores, all sailors, mentioned in the early records of the Company. Two of them are listed in the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, and information about the other two has been collected by Miss Alice Johnson, Archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company. In addition there is a fifth Thomas Moore mentioned in the records of the Compagnie du Nord.

One of these five may be the author of the map. They are listed in the order in which I shall deal with them. (1) Thomas Moore: master of the *Eastmain* Sloop 1767; (2) Thomas Moore: seaman on the *John and Alexander* 1679; (3) Thomas Moore: mate of the *Huband* 1687-9; (4) Thomas Moore: sailor and trader 1671-8; (5) Thomas Moore: career in Canada 1686-1707.

The problem is one of elimination. One of the H B C four was appointed in 1767 as master of the *Eastmain* sloop which conducted the Eastmain trade from its base at Albany. But this Thomas Moore with the information then available, could hardly have produced such a primitive draft.

Another "Thomas More dico Nicholas Moore" was employed in the *John and Alexander* for seven months in 1679. This Thomas or Nicholas Moore was evidently a common seaman, and almost all his service was spent in the voyage out and back. He would have had neither the time nor the background to have prepared the map.

Thomas Moore who was mate to Captain Richard Smithsend, of the Company's ship *Huband*, took an oath of fidelity to the Company in London on 2 June 1687. To understand his career it is necessary to trace the probable but undocumented peregrinations of the *Huband*, which, in company with the *Dering* and the *John and Thomas* sailed for York Fort in June 1687. She lost touch with the other two ships and it is assumed that she arrived at York Fort some time after they had left on the return voyage home. It is also assumed that the *Huband* spent the winter of 1687-88 at York Fort, but in a letter by Iberville, written from Charlton and dated 21 September 1688, he states that an English ship had wintered at Charlton Island unknown to either the French or the Indians. From the size of its wintering berth, Iberville calculated that it could not have been more than 80 tons (the *Huband* was 60 tons); he estimated the crew at forty or fifty men.

If it was the *Huband* which wintered at Charlton Island, it did so in the heart of French-dominated territory for De Troyes' brilliant expedition of 1686 had captured the three James Bay posts of Albany, Moose, and Rupert River. A decision by Captain Smithsend to winter the *Huband* at Charlton would not be too foolhardy because the post at Charlton served only as an entrepôt and would, in the late fall, be deserted or very lightly manned. The chief danger would be the presence of a French vessel wintering there. Whatever the reasons were for wintering at Charlton, once the breakup came in the spring of 1688 the *Huband* would have wasted no time in sailing for York Fort.

It would seem likely, if the *Huband* left York Fort at all during the summer of 1688, that it spent the time patrolling from York to Severn, or it might have sailed northwards to investigate the region of Churchill, where

Chechettuan (Albany) enlarged from the British Museum map. North at top.

the Committee had ordered a post to be established. In the 1688 letters from London, the Committee again issued orders to Governor Geyer at York Fort to settle Churchill if he had not already done so by the *Colleton* yacht or by the *Huband*. There is nothing in the records to indicate that the *Huband* left York Fort in the summer of 1688.

Four ships were sent out in 1688: the *Dering* and the *John and Thomas* bound for York Fort and the *Churchill* and the *Yonge* bound for Albany where, under the direction of Captains Marsh and Hamilton, newly appointed Governor and Deputy Governor at the Bottom of the Bay, the expedition was to erect a fort, and to make a try at peaceful co-existence with the French; but if the French attacked, they were to fight back.

The *John and Thomas* returned to London but the *Dering* spent the winter of 1688-89 at York Fort, presumably in company with the *Huband*. The *Churchill* and *Yonge* arrived at Albany, a new fort was erected, but despite their numerical superiority (85 to 17) the English were bluffed, out-manoeuvred and forced to surrender to the resourceful Lemoyne d'Iberville. The two ships, fast in the ice of the Albany River and stripped of their guns for the defence of the fort, were captured with ease about the beginning of March 1689.

Some authorities state that the *Huband* sailed for Rupert River in 1688 and wintered there, but it seems more likely that Captain Smithsend and Thomas Moore, mate, took their ship to the Bottom of the Bay in the early summer of 1689. Indians returning from a war with the Eskimos informed Iberville on the first of July that they had seen an English ship's boat in the vicinity of Moose (Fort St. Louis). Iberville, having no ship of his own, set out in the captured *Churchill* and sailed for Moose which was garrisoned with four men, an indication of the slender forces at his disposal. He found the fort in French hands, but a death and an accident with gun powder had reduced the garrison to one healthy defender.

Finding no sign of an English ship, Iberville sailed for Rupert River where he sighted the *Huband* at anchor. A small shallop with Captain Smithsend on board was captured as it was returning to the *Huband* after making a reconnaissance of Moose River. "It was a simple matter now to take the ship. No resistance was offered; the pilot [possibly Thomas Moore] ably seconded by the crew, expressed his willingness to surrender on payment of the wages promised by the Company, terms which Iberville readily promised, since he had no desire to push the large *Churchill* (100 tons) into the river. . . ."*

There were four Englishmen and four Indians in the shallop and five Englishmen on board the *Huband*.† This means that the *Huband* was extremely short-handed and the question arises as to what had happened to her crew for Iberville had estimated the crew of the ship which wintered at Charlton at from forty to fifty men.

Iberville, who now had an inconvenient surfeit of English ships and prisoners, put thirty prisoners on board the *Huband* and ordered them to sail to New England. Once at sea, the men decided to try for England. Short of food and buffeted by adverse winds, the *Huband* put in at Limerick, where Captain Hamilton sold the ship illegally, kept part of the proceeds for himself and paid off the crew with the remainder.

But what of Thomas Moore, the mate, during this abortive adventure of the *Huband*? The London Account Books show Moore with a debit of £9, so it seems unlikely that he ever turned up at the London office. He might have died in the Bay; he could have deserted to the French; he could have sailed from the Bay in the *Huband* in 1689 and been concerned in her illegal sale in Ireland; or he could possibly have been sent prisoner to France via Canada. Iberville sent most of the pilots and ship captains to Canada to delay as long as possible their return to England and thus deprive the Hudson's Bay Company of their services.

There is no further mention of Thomas Moore, the mate, in any of the accounts on either the French or English side. Although he may have remained with the *Huband* from its arrival in the Bay in 1687 to its capture in 1689, it is extremely unlikely that he made the map in question at this time. However, there is a distinct possibility that Thomas Moore, mate of the *Huband*, is the same person as the earliest Thomas Moore who is mentioned in the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society. By an order of the London Committee on 29 January 1674 (Vol. 5), "Mr. Bond & Mr. Moore— In the Countrey to be paid 12 mo. wages with usuall deductions." A note states that Thomas Moore was a seaman though the use of 'Mr.' indicates he was more than a common sailor.

A London minute of Jan. 28, 1679 (1680 new style) states that "Thomas Moore who hath been formerly seaven years in our service comes to tender himselfe againe . . ." but apparently the seaman was not re-engaged. In a report from the Bay in 1682 (H.B.R.S. Vol. 8) Governor John Nixon, complaining that young men were discouraged and left the country because the Committee would not increase their salaries when Nixon promoted them, pointed out "they bring in William Bond and Thomas more for precidents who were preferred from fore-mast-men, the one for maister of the bark, and the other for trader. And when they come home you would not pay them according to their places, but put

*Crouse: *Lemoyne Iberville*
†Iberville letter 17 Nov. 1689 in *Archives des Colonies C A*

them off with the wadges which they had when they came into the countrie."

In September 1678 Governor Bayly (writing from James Bay) informed the Committee that Bond, Thomas Moor and George Geyer had been with him "about Six years in a constant Discovery" of the country," yea, in very dangerous places". (H.B.R.S. Vol. 11.)

From these four references to Thomas Moore and information from the Grand Ledgers and Journals, the following picture emerges. Moore spent seven years in the Company's service from 1671 to 1678. Engaged initially as a sailor, he was promoted from fore-mast-man to the position of trader. This promotion would indicate that he had learnt the Cree language. According to Nixon's report of 1682 the Company would not pay him the extra wages which this promotion should have deserved. He probably accompanied Governor Bayly in his voyage of discovery in 1674 when Bayly first went to Chichewan (Albany) "where no Englishman had been before" and then went northward to Cape Henrietta Maria and on as far as Severn where ice forced them to return. Moore's map is probably based upon the information gathered on this voyage. Moore must have returned to England in the *Shaftesbury* in 1678. He drew on the Company for the balance of his accumulated wages in March and July 1679, and in January 1680 he sought re-employment but, for reasons unknown, he was not re-engaged.

If this is the Moore who prepared the map, which I believe probable, it seems likely that he did it just before his return to England in 1678, perhaps in the hope that it would convince the Committee that he deserved an increase in wages. Disappointed by the Committee's attitude, he may not have shown them the map. As it eventually ended up in the British Museum, it seems unlikely that it was ever in the possession of the Company.

What happened to Thomas Moore after January 1680 we do not know. He may be identical with the Thomas Moore who was appointed mate of the *Huband* in 1687, but a more interesting speculation would identify him with a Thomas Moore who turns up in Canada. In *Les Petites Choses de Notre Histoire*, second series, by Pierre-Georges Roy, there is an article on Thomas Moore, the Irishman, who was hired by the Compagnie du Nord in 1686, probably in France. This company which aided Lemoyne d'Iberville to make his first voyage to Hudson's Bay, engaged Thomas Moore, an Irish Catholic from Dover, to command and pilot one of their ships.

Moore made several voyages to the Bay and must have met Iberville there. In 1690, he married Jeanne Lemelin and established his residence in St. Laurent parish on Isle of Orleans. In 1706, he commanded the *La Marie* and carried 57 English prisoners to Port Royal to be exchanged for French prisoners held by the English.

In 1707, the *Notre Dame de Victoire* was fitted out as a privateer by a group of Quebec merchants and Moore was chosen as master and pilot. His contract with the shipowners has been preserved. His salary was 24 French pounds a month and he was to have the navigation instruments and personal possessions of the pilot of each prize captured. Whether any prizes were captured is doubtful. A letter of 7 November 1707 to Pontchartrain in France reports the construction at Quebec of *La Notre Dame de Victoire* and states it was armed by Sieur Leneuf de Beaubassin, "who has left without accomplishing anything." There are no further Canadian records of Thomas Moore.

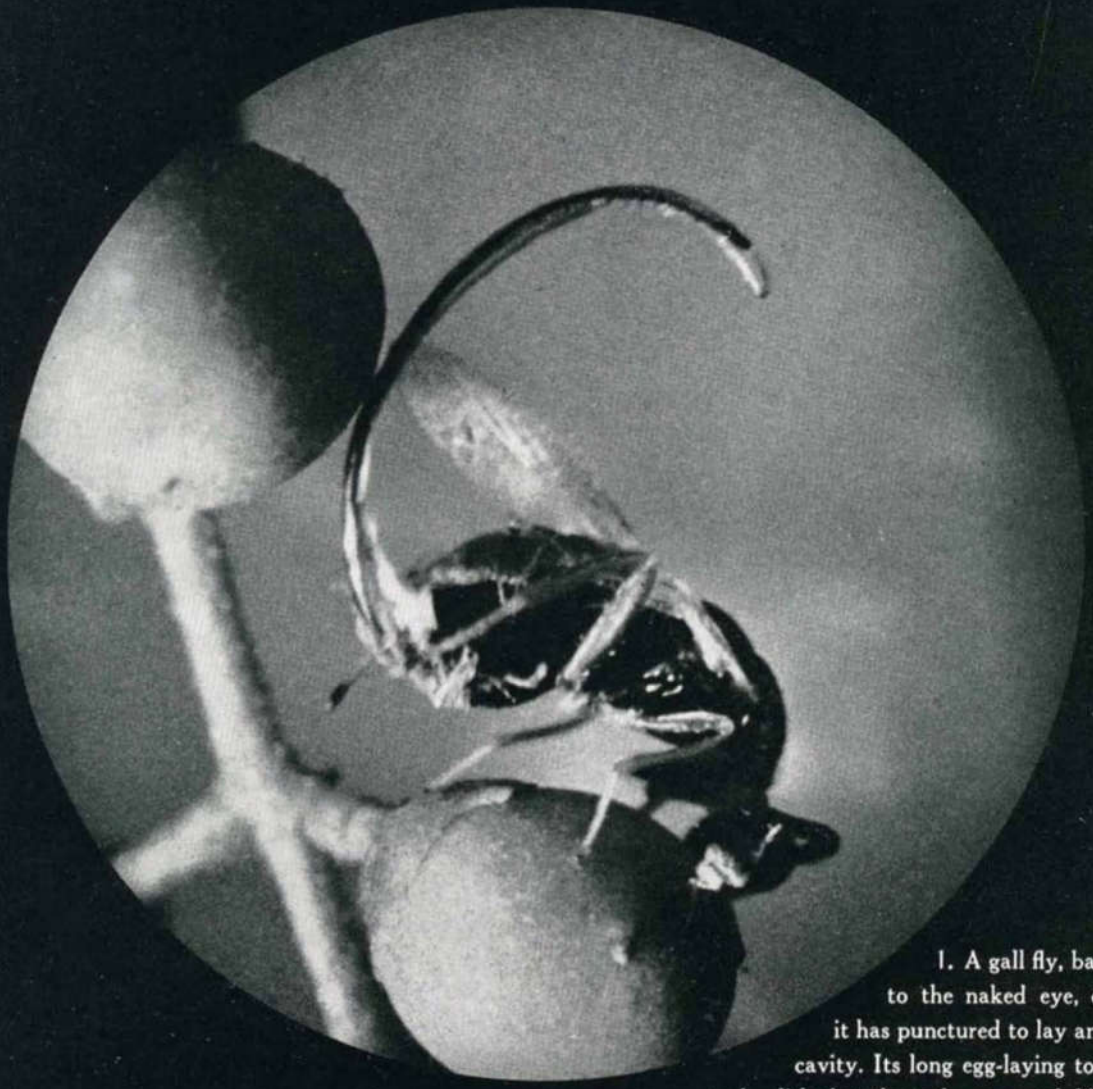
A wild and melodramatic speculation would be to identify the Moore who was hired by the French and Moore, the mate of the *Huband* with the Thomas Moore who made the map. It is possible but rather improbable that Moore could have been hired by the French in 1686 and could have gone out in the *Huband* in 1687 as a French agent. Once he was in the Bay, he either could have deserted to the French or could have co-operated willingly in the surrender of the *Huband* to Iberville. If Thomas Moore, mate of the *Huband*, had been transferred to the *Churchill* or the *Yonge* at York Fort he would have been at Albany and could be the "French speaking Irish Catholic" mentioned in the French records who deserted to Iberville and who was so helpful to Iberville in warning him about the English plans and in negotiating the surrender of the English fort. However there is no evidence that the *Churchill* or the *Yonge* called at York Fort before they proceeded to Albany, although it would seem logical that they should do so.

Putting melodrama aside, it does seem reasonable to assume that the Thomas Moore hired by the Compagnie du Nord was the same Thomas Moore who served with the Hudson's Bay Company from 1671 to '78. The Compagnie du Nord wished to hire pilots familiar with the Bay, and Moore with his seven years of service in that territory would have been just the type of man it wanted. He must have been disgruntled with the Company's treatment, and, as an Irishman and a Catholic, he would not have too much loyalty to England. It is interesting to speculate that Radisson may have recommended Moore to the French and may even have made the initial contact when he returned to England in 1685. However, this is pure conjecture.

Although Moore's map is not important in the field of cartography, it is interesting because it must be among the earliest, if not the first, made by a Company man. ◆

BY REDVERS CAVENDISH

Working with microscope and camera in Alberta, Mr. Cavendish has made a study of insects that affect the economy of North America.



1. A gall fly, barely visible to the naked eye, on a berry it has punctured to lay an egg in the cavity. Its long egg-laying tool is horny and polished at the end, very much like a gimlet.

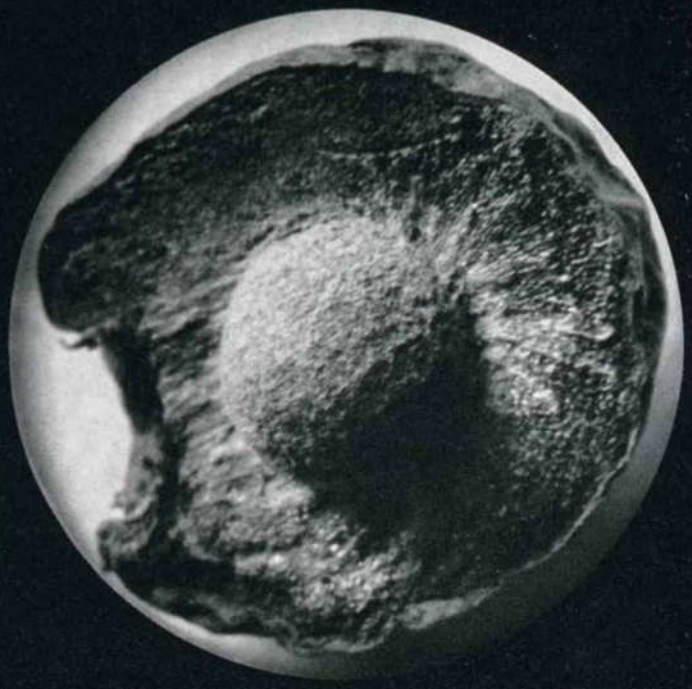
THE GALLS

The mystery surrounding galls has intrigued man through the centuries. Pliny the younger, a close observer of nature, mentions them and the ancients attributed to galls all sorts of mysterious power, both beneficial and harmful to men. In India, among the Himalayan mountain folk, galls are ground down and made into elixirs for longevity. In spite of all this attention in letters and medicine, the secrets of the gall fly remain hidden in its hard shell, and even to this day little is known of the processes that go into the making of this mysterious growth found on stems of plants, on leaves and on berries. How a delicate tissue can be converted into a hard woody substance remains an enigma for science to solve. I have examined thousands of galls under the microscope, yet I know little about them. So, in imagination, look over my shoulder and examine the gall under the microscope with me and marvel at this riddle of nature.

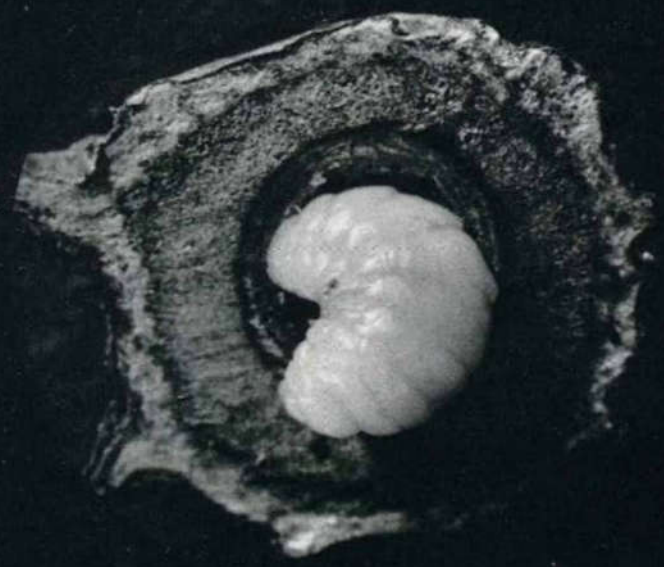
2. Inside the soft berry is the egg, here magnified four thousand five hundred times. Depth of the picture is due to the Cavendish Research Microscope invented during the war.

3. This is what the inside of the gall fly's egg looks like at a later stage, when it is ready to hatch. Trans-illumination shows it up, thousands of times its natural size.

4. The perfect gall, hardened into wood, in which a gall fly is developing. I believe the tiny hole, upper left, is that through which the egg was laid and through which, after it softens in the spring, the new insect will emerge.

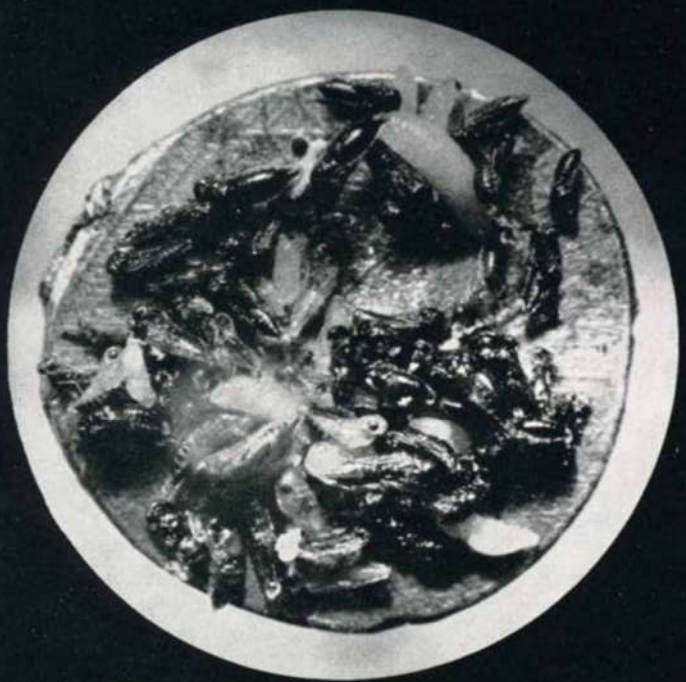


5. Cutting carefully through the gall with a diamond steel rotary saw, such as is used to section agates, we come to a tiny hard pea of wood anchored with tough fibres in the centre of the gall. This growth hardens many weeks after the egg is laid, enclosing the egg.



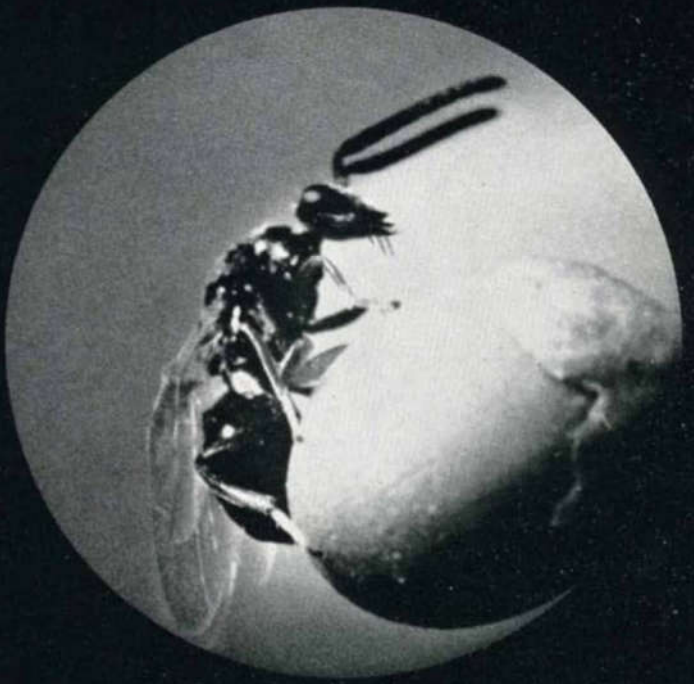
6. Cutting through the hard pea of wood in the centre of the gall, we find the larva, which has hatched from the egg laid in July or August, feeding on the fresh pulp inside.

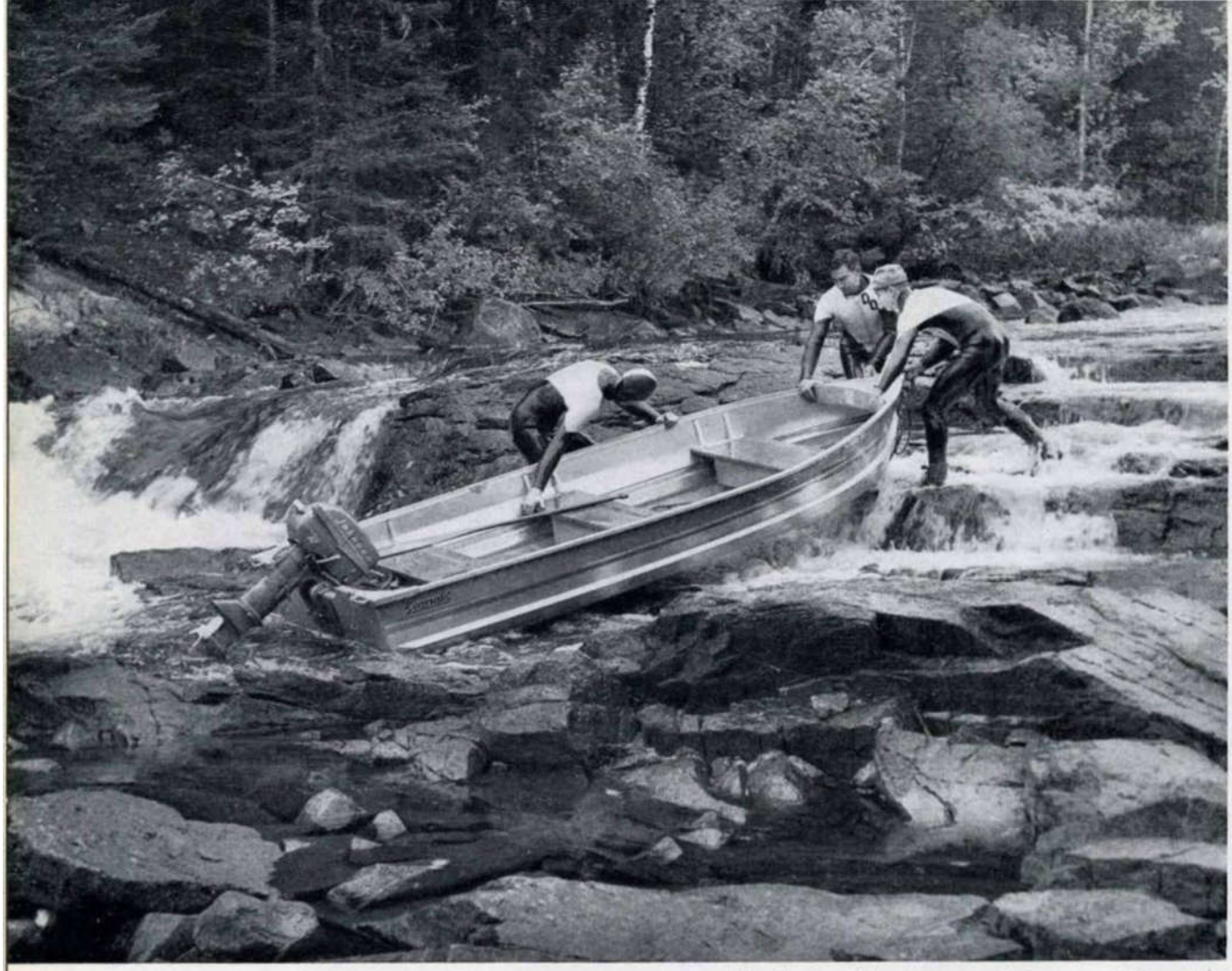
7. After pupating, the pupa case is now shed and the insect begins to open out. The white foam was caused by the rapid vibration of the insect as it shed its case.



8. On this head of a pin are 136 of the parasites that feed on the pupa inside the gall. I counted 375 on cutting this gall open, and I could not get them all on a pin-head after six hours work, as the developing insects are very active in their pupa cases.

9. Here is the gall fly parasite which lays its eggs on the pupa inside the gall. It was so active that it took me six days to get this micrograph.





The divers pull their boat round Saganaga Falls, a short portage, below Horsetail Rapids.

In search of the past on the Voyageur's Highway

BY ALAN R. WOOLWORTH

THERE was an unexpected springtime surge of wild water at the foot of Horsetail Rapids. It caught the fur trader's canoe with a twist and capsized the laden craft. Perhaps the bedraggled voyageurs scrambled to shore, shivered in a raw wind, and cursed fate as they watched their overturned canoe drift downstream. No clues exist as to their survival, for this happened about two centuries ago. Their story will probably never be known except through the mute testimony of their cargo. Last summer a remarkable set of kettles was found by skin divers at the scene of the mishap. The kettles were generously donated by the discoverers to the Minnesota Historical Society, where they will be studied and used in exhibits.

A search for evidence of such forgotten calamities began with Dr. E. W. Davis, known as "the father of

Mr. Woolworth is curator of the Minnesota Historical Society museum. Photographs and map by courtesy of the Society.

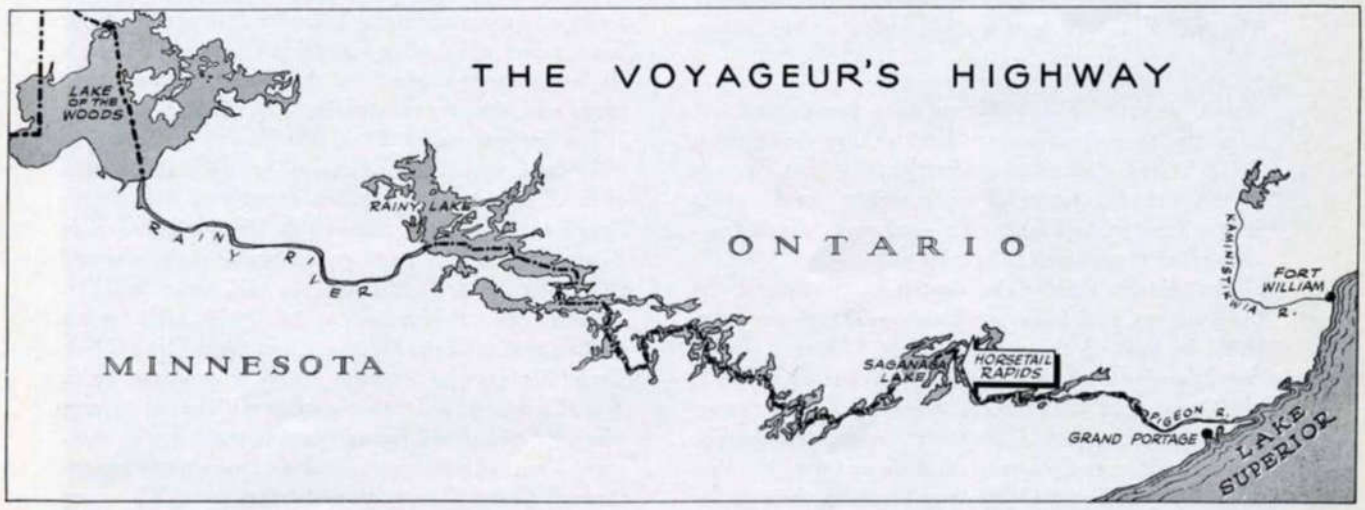
the Minnesota taconite industry" who is now retired from the University of Minnesota's School of Mines, and resides in Silver Bay, Minnesota. Dr. Davis thought it might be possible to find objects of the fur trade period on the "Voyageur's Highway," the wilderness canoe route which extended from Grand Portage on Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods. He knew that heavily laden canoes had sometimes overturned in rapids and at other hazardous points, and in all probability cargoes of trade goods such as kettles, axes, guns, and other items remained at the scenes of the disasters. This "calculated hunch" caused Dr. Davis to enlist the assistance of three skin divers, Curtis Anderson, Dennis Dalen, and Don Franklin, all of Silver Bay.

Their first expedition on 28 August 1960 found Dr. Davis, the three divers, and Jock Richardson, a Canadian resort owner and guide from Saganaga Lake, searching several promising locations. On their fourth attempt that day, a diver swam past what he thought was a sunken minnow bucket. It lay in about fifteen feet of water in a pool at the foot of Horsetail Rapids near the head of Saganaga Lake. Coming back later for a second look, he decided to investigate the overturned bucket. After prying and digging he managed to turn it over and in his hands he held a kettle which contained seven others nested inside it. To this treasure were added ten more kettles that were found near by. Searching on another day, the divers also turned up a kettle cover of copper.

Seventeen of these kettles form a graduated series; the other is of a different style. The smallest kettle is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches high. It weighs 8 ounces and has a liquid capacity of 3 pints. The largest kettle is almost 17 inches in diameter and 8 inches high. It weighs 5 pounds 4 ounces, and has a liquid capacity of nearly 7 gallons. The other kettles have dimensions and capacities between these extremes.

All the nested kettles are roughly cylindrical in shape, slightly tapered to allow them to fit inside each other in sequence. This graduation in size saved space in shipping them from European factories to fur-trade posts. It also resulted in a varied stock of sizes to suit the needs of the Indians who purchased them. The kettle bottoms are slightly rounded and their rims are reinforced by being rolled around iron wire. Each kettle has two "ears," or lugs, which are riveted to the kettle rims. To these were attached handles or bails of iron which have long since rusted away.

The unique discovery has aroused widespread interest among museum people and those interested in the fur trade throughout the United States and Canada. Never before has such a find been made in this portion of the North American continent. Although other nests of kettles have been found, they were in smaller groupings of five or six kettles. The size of this series makes it of considerable scientific importance. Now it will be possible to study in detail the manufacturing processes used in making nests of kettles. Exact measurements of liquid capacities will help to establish kettle sizes in common use during a portion of the fur trade era. A metallurgical analysis of the sheet metal forming these kettles can possibly point to the country where they were made and period of manufacture. Finally, the kettles are splendid objects for use in museum displays which will carry the museum visitor back to those remote days when the beaver pelt was king in the border lakes country.



Kettles were of great importance to Indians and traders in the wilderness. This is emphasized by Peter Fidler, who spent the winter of 1791-92 alone with a band of Chipewyan Indians in the remote northwestern wilderness. In the spring, he noted in his journal: "The principal difficulty we laboured under was the want of a kettle."

A glance at Hudson's Bay Company records reveals that kettles figured prominently in trade goods shipments to Hudson Bay as early as 1672. Governor Bayly re-ordering for the following year asked that additional cargo include "200 brasse kettles Sizable of from two to Sixteene gallons a piece." A Company record of 1682 lists 200 kettles, which were ordered from a manufacturer in assorted sizes ranging from 5 to 17 inches in diameter. At this date, makers were paid 16 pence per pound for completed vessels. These items were then

The inside of this kettle shows an unusual spiral marking.

stowed aboard ship in bulk malt to conserve space and to protect them from damage. Perhaps they were nested. In 1715, the Company traded kettles from York Factory at the rate of 1 pound of kettle weight for $1\frac{1}{2}$ made beaver (the prime beaver skin used as a token of exchange) or the equivalent in other pelts.

The demand for kettles continued throughout the fur trade era, and Indians willingly paid high prices for them because of their great utility. Peter Kalm, a Swedish scientist and traveller in Canada (1748-1751) mentioned that the Indians desired brass or copper kettles for cooking and did not want "iron boilers because they cannot be easily carried on their continual journies, and would not bear such falls and knocks as their kettles

Distinctive characteristics are visible in nested kettles. Crimped corners of lugs are believed to indicate French manufacture.

are subjected to." Samuel Hearne wrote in 1771 of Indians located within reach of York Factory who bartered kettles to more distant tribes at a tenfold increase in prices. Thus the more remote tribesmen paid sixty marten or the equivalence of twenty beaver pelts for a small brass kettle weighing 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

One of the key questions about the eighteen kettles discovered at Horsetail Rapids is: "How old are they?" This is rather difficult to answer as trade goods have not been studied to such an extent that a precise dating can be made. Two lines of attack, however, can be used to arrive at an approximate dating of this exciting find: historical records dealing with the area of the Voyageur's Highway can be studied and these kettles can be compared with similar ones in other collections.

The first approach tells us that French traders began using the Grand Portage-Pigeon River route to the Lake of the Woods in small numbers as early at 1688. Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de la Vérendrye, began to develop his chain of trading posts to the Red River and the plains of Saskatchewan via this route in 1731. Around 1768 a British trader named John Askin built a trading post at Grand Portage. From about 1778 to 1803, Grand Portage was the great inland depot of the North West Company. To it trade goods were brought in large Montreal canoes and transshipped to posts farther westward. Furs and other products flowed from western posts through Grand Portage to eastern markets. This surge

of trade made the water route from Grand Portage to Saganaga Lake, Rainy Lake, and the Lake of the Woods a busy place during summer months. With the extension of American influence to the headwaters of Lake Superior, the North West Company abandoned the Grand Portage route and moved northward to Fort William where an alternative route led westward via the Kaministikwia.

Therefore, it is most probable that the nest of trade kettles dates from the period of 1778-1803 when the most intensive use was made of the border lakes canoe route.

A study of the kettles themselves reveals that their "ears" are of an ancient pattern thought to be French. Similar kettles have been found at late seventeenth century Iroquois Indian villages in western New York state. Others, of a like nature, have been found at Huron Indian village sites in Ontario; these also date from the seventeenth century.

Comparable kettles were traded well into the eighteenth century. Precise identification is further hampered by the fact that British traders sometimes sold kettles bought from French manufacturers.

Tentative conclusions are that the kettles are probably French in origin, are of a pattern made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and were most likely traded between 1778 and 1803. The possibility exists, however, that these items date from the French period of the fur trade from 1688 to 1760.

Readers with a knowledge of identical kettles are requested to communicate with the author so that more data can be gathered about this type of kettle. This information will contribute to further studies which are in progress, and it is hoped that more precise identification can be made.

These colourful mementos of the fur trade era on the border lakes country will eventually be displayed at the Grand Portage National Monument Museum where they will no doubt intrigue future generations of visitors from both sides of the International Boundary. ◆

Jock Richardson, diver Dalen, and Dr. Davis with kettles near the site of their discovery.

THE WOLVERINE

Although the wolverine (Gulo luscus) *is known throughout northern Canada, this strong and wily member of the weasel family is not often seen and rarely photographed. Mr. Rue built a log cabin inside a large pen and there turned this captive but quite untamed wolverine loose with him. With a piece of wire to protect his feet, Mr. Rue says: "The wolverine promptly came over the wire and I just as promptly pushed him back over on his own side. He would growl, slobber and be really fierce when there was wire separating us," but his reputed ferocity and strength were not demonstrated against the photographer.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD LEE RUE III

THE MARSHES OF HAULTAIN

A small group of men has for some years found literal re-creation by following the canoe routes of the early fur traders, paddling and camping as in former days. They adopted the name of "the Voyageurs" and after trips in the Quetico-Superior areas they shifted a thousand miles northwest to travel part of the route of the Athabasca fur brigades on the Churchill River. On the 1956 trip there were six voyageurs: Dr. Anthony Lovink, Netherlands Ambassador to Canada; Major General Elliot Rodger, then in charge of Prairie Command; Eric Morse, national director of the Association of Canadian Clubs; Dr. Omond Solandt, then chairman of the Defence Research Board; Denis Coolican, president of the Canadian Bank Note Company Limited; and Sigurd F. Olson, designated The Bourgeois or head of the expedition in recognition of his many years experience of wilderness living. They put their canoes in the water at Ile à la Crosse and paddled 500 miles down the Churchill and Sturgeon-Weir rivers to Cumberland House. These trips involved hard work and discomfort but the shared wilderness experience, the challenges met and overcome, the thrill of the unknown remote from urban civilization, resulted in joy and satisfaction and "a daily succession of adventures of the spirit." This is an excerpt from Sigurd Olson's book "The Lonely Land" just published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York. *© Copyright 1961 by Sigurd F. Olson.* *The photographs, by Bullaty-Lomeo, were taken another year on the upper Churchill River below the Haultain.*

BY SIGURD F. OLSON

THE morning was bright and clear and the rapids below looked as exciting as I had hoped. The night before they were filled with foreboding, the sound of their rushing ominous, the swirls and whirlpools deep and unfathomable. Now in the morning light all was joy and movement and they sang their ancient song of going to the sea. The crests at the lower end were silvery and sparkling, and I felt we could ride them even though the little point across the way seemed sharp as a knife.

Denis and I loaded first, pushed off into the current, and angled slightly upstream. The current was stronger than I had expected and before we were halfway over, we had to paddle hard to keep from being swept down into the rapids. We watched constantly the spout at the tip of the point. The closer we drew the more desperate it looked. That spout might hide a cutting ledge that could rip the canvas of our canoe, and what is more it might extend out just far enough to catch us as we slipped by. A hundred feet above, we nosed into the bank. While Denis held on to the willows, I jumped out, waded ashore, and found a portage that followed the river closely. The Crees evidently did not trust the point either. Just below ran a long smooth slick close to shore.

Omond and Tony followed and did exactly as we had done, joining us at the slick. But Elliot and Eric felt adventurous and took the long chance. They shot by us well outside the point and down through the billowing white water ahead. We watched them with fear and admiration; Omond shook his head. They came through without mishap and were down at the end of the rapids

waiting for us before we were back on the water. Our canoe grazed a smooth boulder on the way down and began to swing. I jumped in the water, lifted it off, and we shot the rest without difficulty. All three canoes were now safely below.

"That was lovely," said Elliot. "What a beautiful ride."

I tried to look stern, but their excitement was contagious. After all, I was the only one who had touched anything. And who could argue with adventurers on a day like this?

Ahead was Knee Rapids with a three-quarter-mile portage which we found without trouble. This was a real portage and well used. Because it was almost a mile in length, we used the old *posé* system of the voyageurs, carrying loads part way and returning for another before going on. Long portages are best made that way, for a man can rest going back. And breaking a long carry is always more pleasant than trying to do it in one stretch. The canoes now weighed at least a hundred pounds and while that is not too much of a load, to men who do not make a business of packing, it is enough. In my younger days I used to take such a canoe and a pack totaling possibly one hundred and fifty pounds or more, and I knew the others had done it as well. But we had all discovered that as time is of no consequence or heroics either, such effort had little to recommend it. Furthermore, using the *posé* system gave us a chance to visit. Separated as we were in three canoes, it was always pleasant to get together on a trail.

If the packs were heavy we took only one. If light, we doubled so that each man carried the same weight, plus extra paddles, rods or other gear. Inasmuch as each canoe had three or four packs, this usually meant making two complete trips. We alternated carrying the canoes over each portage, irrespective of length. The long Knee Rapids portage was Denis's turn.

"My canoe," he said wryly, testing the tightness of the yoke screws and lifting the craft to his thigh. "As I recall, Bourgeois, the last portage was about twenty yards. There is no justice on the Churchill."

He tossed the canoe on his shoulders with an easy flip and trotted off down the trail.

It was interesting to watch the ground for signs of game and halfway across the portage we found the track of a big moose, the hoofs as large as those of a cow. The prints went straight down the trail and I carefully avoided stepping on them. As yet we had seen no moose, which was not surprising along such a major route. Indians travelling up and down would soon kill off any animals on the portages or along the shores. Perhaps if we were careful we might see this one feeding in a bay.

A squirrel chattered from the branch of a jack pine and I stopped for a moment to look at it. It was the little pine squirrel of the Quetico country, with white-rimmed eyes and a black stripe along the flank, and it chirred incessantly and stamped its feet.

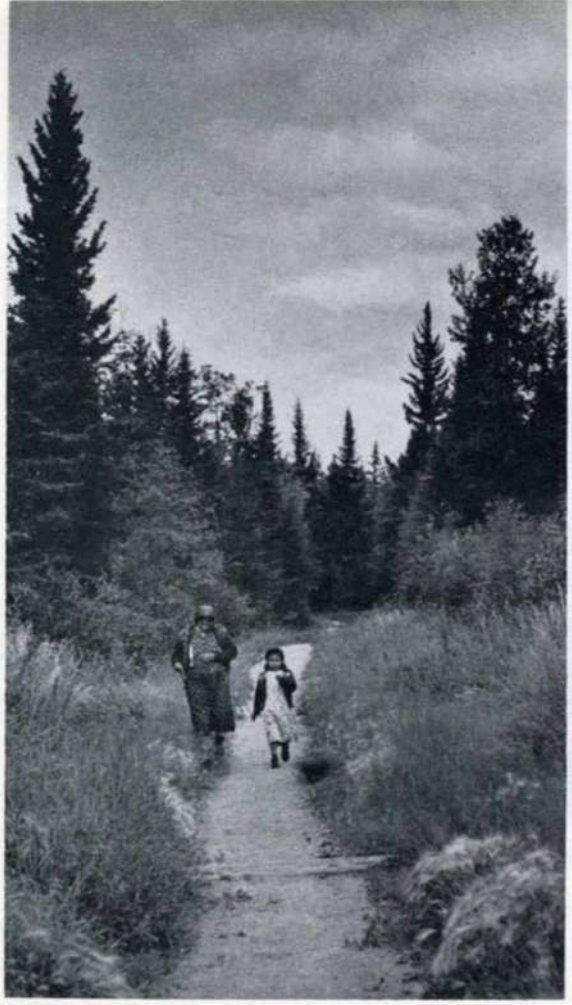
At the first rest Tony said: "Bourgeois, did you see the moose tracks?"

"A big one," I said. "Might go fifteen hundred pounds by the way he sank into the trail."

On the way back we studied the tracks and noticed how the animal had browsed a twenty-foot birch by rearing up on its hind legs and riding it to earth to get at the tender branches of the top. A number of trees along the trail had been bent, broken, and mutilated. I could not help but think of what would have happened had we been a party of Crees packing across that portage.

Killing a moose was always a great event for the Indians and reason for rejoicing. No other creature had

Carrying a canoe across one of the portages.



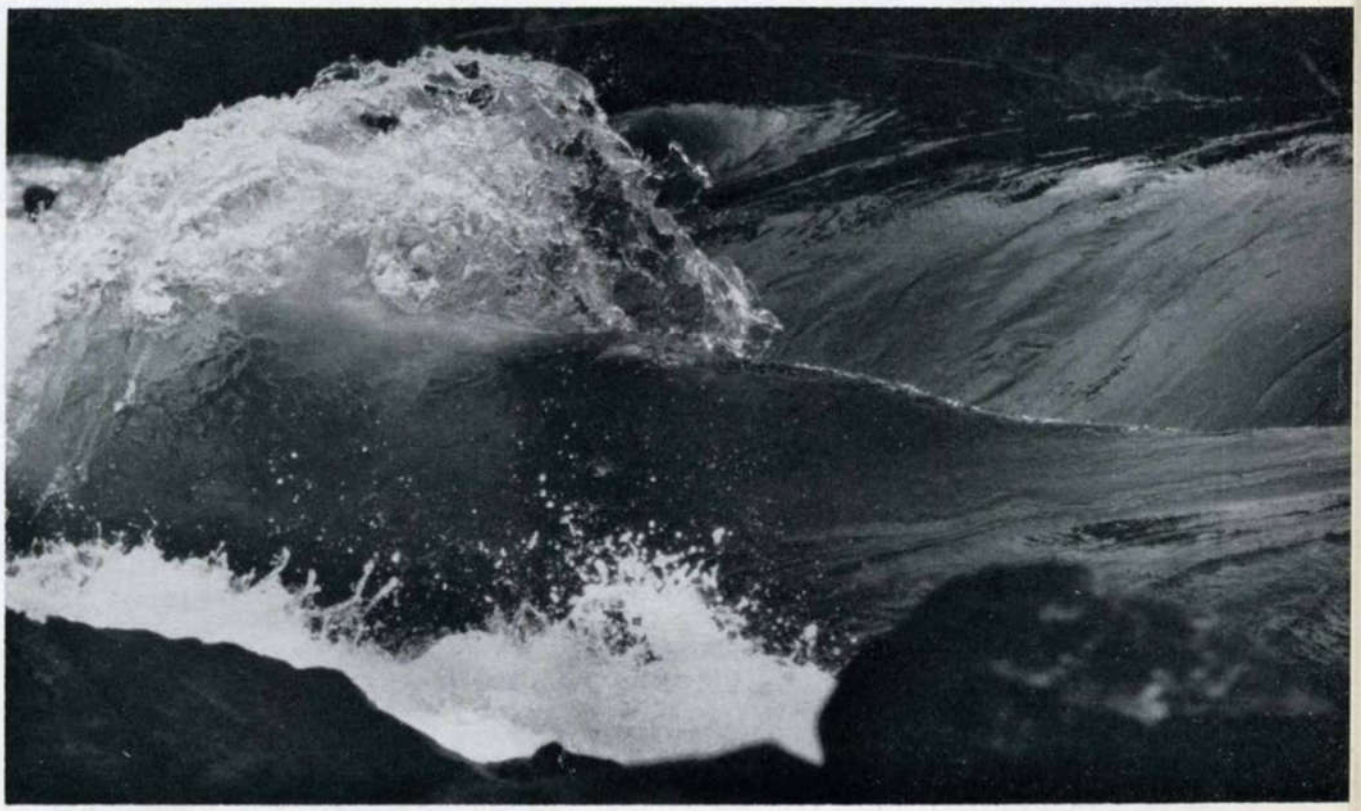
Well trodden footpath

such fine meat or a more valuable hide. The caribou did not compare in flavour or nourishment and moccasins or mittens made out of moosehide were more precious than gold. Furthermore, a moose was large enough to feed several families for days, and no part was ever wasted. No opportunity was ever passed up for securing one, so I decided this one was just plain lucky.

At the end of the portage we saw that second Knee Rapids would be easy—a good smooth slick with no uncertain spouts. We pushed in and shot through without difficulty into Knee Lake.

A southwest wind had come up. It was warm, and packs and clothes dried swiftly. Off came shirts and we revelled in the sun as we coasted with the breeze down the lake to Bentley Bay. We had earned the respite and it was good medicine for Eric, who had not been well, not to have to push so hard for a few hours. On the northeast side we saw a cluster of Indian cabins, Elak Dase settlement according to our map, with the white spire of another of Father Moraud's missions. We passed within a hundred yards, skirted the sandy shore and the snarling huskies, pushed on into the landing. Before one of the cabins were four Indians; two old women, an old man, and a girl in her teens who was very shy. They looked at the ground all the time we were there, but

Silvery crest of the swirling rapids



A meandering creek empties into the Churchill.

smiled when we gave them cigarettes. They love cigarettes and would rather have them than candy. We took pictures and visited, though they spoke neither English nor French very well. They knew nothing about the next rapids, but did tell us the church was Father Moraud's and that he had just finished painting the steps and had cleaned the inside. Perhaps that accounted for the stained dungarees under his spotless cassock when we met him crossing the lake in his old freight canoe the previous day.

We walked past a tent, some fish-smoking racks, and more dogs. Each dog had his own little hole in the sand; each one was chained and ugly. As we walked by, they bared their teeth and snarled. A fish a day or one every two or three days was enough to keep them alive but not enough to keep them happy. Gaunt and mangy, by the looks of them they hadn't been fed even that often and had they been loose might have torn each other to bits.

There was a tiny garden with some turnips trying bravely to hold their own. The church was very clean, the hymnbooks worn. They were printed in Cree, as was the catechism. As I thumbed through them I wondered how much the natives understood. But this much was sure, to them Father Moraud was a symbol of goodness.

While we were down at the landing, two women came in with a small birchbark canoe. A moose hide was in the bottom and on it a basket of Saskatoon berries. It was a welcome sight to see them paddling and making use of the craft their forebears had known. One of the women indicated they were short of food and we gave them what we could spare.

We were now in the estuary of the Haultain, a winding marshy river coming down from the north. The shores were low again with little evidence of the Shield, much like the country approaching Dipper Lake. Each time a river joined forces with the Churchill there was a delta of wide and marshy flats. The Haultain was no exception and, as usual, I began to wonder if this would be our night for a camp in the willows, if for once our luck would run out. There were great weed mats and thousands of gulls and terns. How they soared in the sunshine, some of them snow-white with black wing tips, some of them dusky, wheeling and dipping and constantly screaming. Great flocks of yellowlegs, snipes, and sandpipers skittered and ran everywhere.

"Swarm of bees," commented Denis.

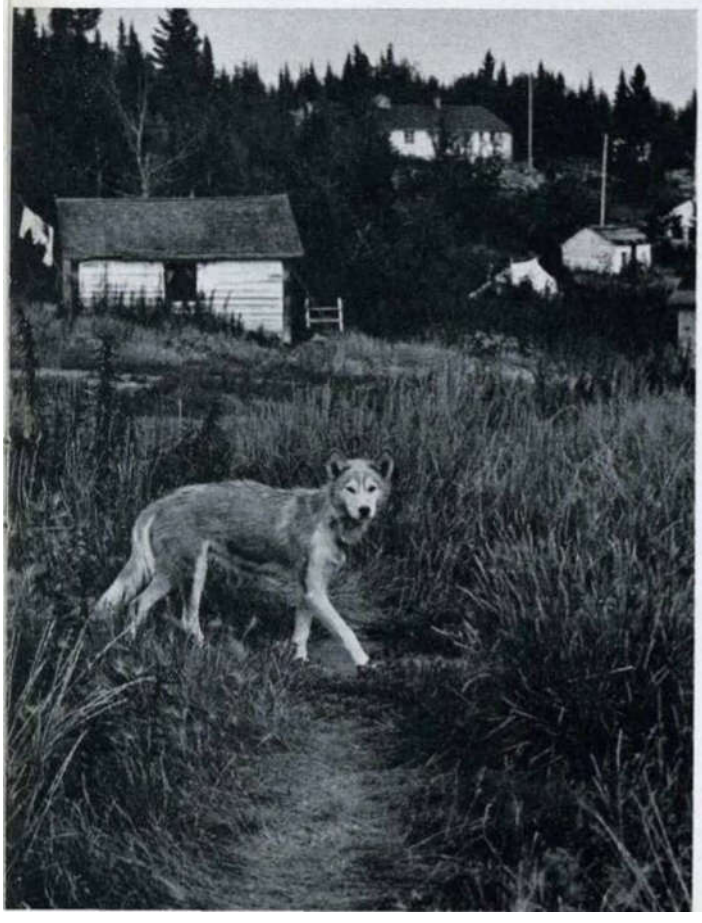
Again there was the impression of the entire country being in flood, as though not only the water was flowing but the land as well. Even in the marshes there was a perceptible current, moving, always moving toward the east, the grasses swaying like grain fields in the wind. Blue sky, blue water, and white soaring wings against them, but more than all else, the constant sound of calling birds.

Around each bend I hoped to see some higher ground, but nowhere was there a rock or ledge, only a continuation of the low marshy shores. Toward mid-afternoon

we approached Dreger Lake and there the shoreline began to take shape. While there was only the slightest hint of firmness in the banks, I could almost sense the coming of the headlands. Towards the end of the day we rounded a final bend and directly before us was a high smooth promontory. The canoes sped toward it, but as we pulled in at its base we saw that the slope ran straight up from the water's edge without a level place anywhere. I could not resist, however, the invitation of the long, smooth expanse of rocky slope before us, so I jumped out and ran over the silvery grey caribou moss to its very top. There, out of breath and trembling from exertion, I stopped. A magnificent vista of water and forest lay before and behind me—the marshes of Haultain. This was the Lonely Land. More than ever from that height the flooded country seemed to be moving. Flocks of terns and gulls glittered in the level rays of the afternoon sun, sometimes silver and sometimes tinted with red and orange. What a wild high picture it was! In my joy I almost forgot the purpose of my climb.

Back at the canoes, I reported we would have to look further, but in the meantime Omond and Tony had discovered a low flat shelf of rock directly above where we had landed.

There were wolfish dogs at every village.



"Come over, Bourgeois," called Tony. "You will like this place."

Over I went and it was a perfect camp site, with a broad flat shelf running like a dock along the water with depth enough to unload the canoes right there. Back of the landing were level places and abundant firewood. Once more we were in luck.

I laid out the pots and pans and food supplies on a ledge polished by glacial ice, built the fireplace close to

A cluster of cabins is Cree home.

the water where I could dip up what I needed, set the dishes out to one side on another little shelf, for all the world like a table. Never before had I known such luxury.

"Are you happy, Bourgeois?" asked Denis.

I did not answer but bustled about as contentedly as a housewife in a modern kitchen. It was late when we finished supper, and we sat there for a while after everything was stowed away. There was firewood for breakfast from a dead jack pine—kindling from its resinous roots, with a handful of birchbark tucked under my canoe. The tents were pitched, the beds made, nothing to do but sit and look. We heard motors coming down the lake from the east. In the dusk about a hundred yards out in the river were three large canoes heading for the settlement just above. One of the canoes veered and then swung into our camp. We went down to the stone dock and warped the craft alongside. In it were two grandparents, a son and his wife, and a little girl named Caroline.

Everybody loves to smoke.

The Indians were in a gay mood, for they had killed a big black bear on the last portage; the bloody carcass lay among the gas cans in the bottom of the canoe. I remembered the remark of one of the old women at Elak Dase that they were in need of food, especially meat. What a homecoming there would be! The stew kettle would go on immediately and there would be feasting and rejoicing far into the night. How happy they were and how typical it was of all Indians on the move.

But little Caroline intrigued us most. Not more than seven, perhaps, and shy as a fawn, she snuggled down between the two older people. She had big brown eyes, good features; she smiled at me and for that got herself a cookie. The people said she belonged to a family down below, but had decided she wanted to go visiting with them and stay for a while. This is typical of the Cree attitude toward children; they are always taken care of, whether they have a family or not. Caroline, the young woman told me, might stay with them for several months or all winter if she wished, and I knew she would be as welcome there as at home with her own people.

After half an hour they left and roared up the open river on the trail of the other canoes. It was then that Omond told the story of the Eskimos he and Elliot had visited the year before when they were inspecting DEW Line sites. It was in the Fury and Hecla Strait region along the northwest coast of Foxe Basin.

"We had stopped at the village of Igloolik," said Omond, "and one night under a bright full moon we were awakened by laughing and yelling. Looking out we saw that the entire village of some two hundred men, women, and children, was playing tag on the ice and having a wonderful time. We wouldn't have been quite so surprised, if it hadn't been two-thirty in the morning."

"Remember," said Elliot, "the day we were out in the big boat and I looked at my watch to see if it was time for lunch, and how the Eskimos laughed?"

"You asked them," continued Elliot, "what was so terribly funny and one of them answered, 'White man eat by clock, Eskimo eat when hungry'."

Those stories are typical of the way of life of all primitive people, wherever they may be—their feeling of timelessness, their joy in play and doing simple things. Only we are constantly worried about time, schedules, and the seriousness of life; only we are apt to forget that life can be fun. Those Indians going up the lake, in spite of the fact they were no doubt hungry and the people at Elak Dase more so, still had time for visiting and getting the most out of the happy adventure that was theirs. Children, perhaps, but as we listened to the fading drone of their motor far up the river and thought of the feast waiting for them and little Caroline's easy shift from one situation to another, I wondered if we did not have much to learn.

We were now at the lower end of Dreger Lake with the marshy estuary of the Haultain well behind us. In the morning we would work into Sandy Lake, then into the valley of the Snake, skirt the northern fringe of that huge body of water and camp somewhere near Belanger village below the mouth of the river of that name. One thing that had begun to impress us was the number of Indians along this famous route, concentrated around the missions and the Hudson's Bay Company posts. There were far more Indians than ever before and certainly more than the country could support through hunting, fishing, and trapping.

What complicated the problem was that they no longer travelled widely. They preferred to stay close to their established bases, instead of following the dwindling caribou herds into the tundras of the north. Handicapped by motors, the need of gas and oil and heavier canoes, few of them undertook the difficult and almost impossible long trips into the hinterlands with families. No longer did entire groups move several hundred miles to secure supplies of meat and skins. Lone hunters or trappers might contact the animals occasionally but bringing back sufficient quantities for the stay-at-homes was out of the question. Furthermore, the number of caribou had dropped alarmingly, even in the remotest regions. Whether due to disease, destruction of feeding grounds by fire, or in some instances overshooting with high-powered rifles, the great herds were no longer the basic source of supply they once had been to the Crees, the Chipewyans, and other tribes of the northwest. ◆

A little girl like Caroline

About "ORDEAL BY ICE"

L. A. LEARMONTH comments on the latest book by FARLEY MOWAT*

Mr. Learmonth probably has more experience of the Arctic than any other living white man. He joined the Hudson's Bay Company as a fur trader in 1911 and until his retirement in 1957 most of his life was in the Arctic. During five solitary years on King William Island in the thirties, the supply schooner reached him only twice; the last year he closed the post and lived in a snowhouse with the Eskimos. He helped to establish Fort Ross in 1937, travelling more than a month by whaleboat and canoe to do so. His keen interest in the Franklin expedition led to much research and years of active search, and discovery, in the region of the tragedy.

*Published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $6.

MOST of the thoughtful reading public would agree, I suppose, that it doesn't necessarily take an Einstein to appreciate that this old world of ours is not really what it appears to be to the general run of mankind, or perhaps the majority of those who make their living by writing for his entertainment, although paradoxically enough it can only be for each one of us, with our differing grades and bent of mental equipment and from our varied viewing points, what it appears to be. In that regard the less gifted of us commoner mortals are little different from the greatest thinkers and artists the world has known, because were any two of them ever known to portray the same scientific, philosophical, historical, or mythological scene or personality, however simple, so that they looked exactly alike?

So, seemingly, human notions about almost everything must always differ more or less and Mr. Mowat who, as he tells us, has swotted up on arctic literature, although himself without arctic experience, has his particular viewing point and impressions of our Canadian arctic scene as revealed by his writings, including *Ordeal by Ice* here under review, whereas I, an old arctic fur trader who has not swotted up on anything but happens to have lived and worked during the greater part of a fairly long lifetime in Canada's arctic lands, have other impressions of the same scene which are not always similar to his, at least in certain particulars here and there as I shall attempt to explain. The historical outline he envisages for us in the prologue of this latest book of his of European man's exploratory and colonizing efforts with their attendant struggles, defeats, and achievements in the arctic territories and seas of the western hemisphere, back through the centuries, is another matter and one I'm not competent to judge in full although I have read similar and what seem to be better balanced summaries in, for example: *To The Arctic* (1948) by Jeannette Mirsky; *In Quest of the North West Passage* (1958) by L. H. Neatby, and more recently *The White Road* (1959) by L. E. Kirwan, and in which the authors are careful not to permit their imaginations to run riot as Mr. Mowat does in one instance at least. To use his own words he "overtly intrudes" (see page x in foreword) himself into the narrative and thus unfortunately leaves us with something which by being partly true and exceedingly well told is much more deceptive than plain fiction. This I might add is also true of *People of the Deer* and *The Desperate People*, Mr. Mowat's earlier books about the Eskimo.

The reconstruction (pages 321-24) of the final phase of the ill fated Franklin Expedition is a truly astonishing

performance wherein it has Crozier and a companion surviving for ten years among the Eskimos after the ships had been abandoned, before finally struggling on away down south, equipped with a convenient rubber boat, to near the Manitoba border and there cache a wooden box under a rock cairn for Mr. Mowat to discover the remnants in 1948; and another group of four men who split off from the Crozier party surviving for fifteen or sixteen years at the north end of Melville Peninsula, but whom local natives were afraid to contact believing they might be Indians (nearest about seven hundred miles distant with all Eskimo country in between)!

He does indeed intrude himself into this fantasy built, apparently, almost entirely around a number of confused Aivilingmiut rumours and tales originating mostly in the vicinity of Repulse Bay concerning Parry, Lyon, John and James Ross, Franklin, Rae, Anderson and McClintock and which were still further confused by very faulty interpreting. Most of them Hall himself unravelled or repudiated when at long, long last he succeeded in reaching the south shore of King William Island where he spent only four days out of the five years (1864-69) taken up mostly with hunting, trading and often just wasting time while living with the Aivilingmiut, or following false leads in the Repulse Bay-Melville Peninsula area, and when, too, he had the support of frequent visits from whaling ships with supplies. But those four days, nevertheless, were very enlightening because there and then he brought his findings into agreement with Rae, Anderson and McClintock, to be later confirmed by Schwatka, Rasmussen, Gibson and the fur traders who lived, traded and handled supply schooners in the area of the tragedy from 1923 onwards and who questioned the Eskimos of the locality (that is the Netsilingmiut, Oot-koo-sik-salingmiut and Ilivilermiut) on the spot again and again and yet again. Over the years they also searched the beaches as opportunity permitted from Cape Felix to Simpson Strait and on around as far as the Humbolt Channel on King William Island; the entire west and east coasts of Boothia; the Lord Mayor Bay-Boothia Isthmus area; Shepherd Bay, Chantry Inlet and Adelaide Peninsula beaches etc. The total evidence gathered makes it practically certain no single one of the crews survived the winter of 1848-49.

If one studies the John and James Ross narrative carefully and compares it with the Peter Bayne statements as compiled by one George Jamme away over in Alaska in the 1920s, and as described in the appendix of Major L. T. Burwash's report published by the Department of the Interior in 1931, it will be noted that the Bayne statements agree very well with the Ross narrative (all things considered, even in regard to the matter of the vaults, although not of cement, in which John Ross concealed most of his navigating instruments etc.; and the Eskimo name "Aglookan" for James Ross which Bayne mistakenly identifies as Crozier), but not at all with the discoveries of McClintock or the information given on the Victory Point Record, or the discoveries of all the other able researchers, including Hall himself, and who so carefully investigated the matter on the spot. It also explains why Hall became so exasperated with the, to him, presumptuous sailors Bayne and Coleman (whom he hired in 1867) and paid no need to their stories which so obviously confused the Franklin and Ross expeditions, one with the other, and which can be accounted for by the sailors lacking a proper knowledge of the Eskimo language. Surely any tales that take no account of the discoveries of McClintock on the spot and so close in time to the tragedy, nor of the Victory Point Record, must be worthless.

On page 412 of *Narrative of the Second Arctic Expedition made by Charles F. Hall, 1864-69*, edited by Professor J. E. Nourse, U.S.N. (1879) are these remarks covering the contents of the several preceding pages (the italics are mine):

"But as has been already noted, he had, some time before this date, discovered from the confession of the Netchille men that their friendliness to Crozier had soon exhausted itself. They had let him and his party starve. Hall had sharply rebuked their selfishness, and *his last hope of Crozier's having lived any length of time* after his starting from the ships had died out."

Further on pages 415-6 in a copy of a letter dated 20th June 1869 written by Hall to Mr. Henry Grinnell is this paragraph:

"The result of my sledge journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir John Franklin's companions ever *reached or died* on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party of about forty or forty-five passed down the west coast of King William's land in the vicinity of Cape Herschel. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution; one a large sledge laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other a small one laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and party arrived at Cape Herschel, they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. [The Adelaide Peninsula beaches and Starvation Cove saw the end of

the march except for three or four men who seem to have walked inland a little way apparently from the ship that went down somewhere between the mouth of Sherman Inlet and O'Reilly Island.] Two Eskimo men who were of the native party, gave much sad but deeply interesting, information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to *suffer and die* for need of fresh provisions, when in truth it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive."

RASMUSSEN was of course best qualified of the more recent researchers to investigate traditional accounts of the tragedy as handed down by their forefathers to contemporary natives of the country in which it occurred, and the following excerpts from his account of conversations he had with them pretty well sum up what he learned during 1923 of the ultimate fate of the crews who retreated southwards towards Back River, as Crozier and Fitzjames make plain on the Victory Point Record had been their intention and as indicated by the sad remains discovered on the beaches along the route leading in that direction.

". . . They pointed to the south, and it was understood that they wanted to go home overland. They were not met again, and no one knows where they went to.

"That is all I know about the *Pelrartut* as we call the white men who once visited our country and who were lost without our forefathers being able to help them."

Again on page 321 Mowat states:

"One of the two ships was evidently crushed by the ice and sank during the spring of 1848. The other seems to have remained afloat in the ice, but she too was abandoned by her people, and a combined party of a hundred and five men and officers *then* set out . . ."

Here the author would appear to be telling us that one of the ships was crushed before the crews set out on their fatal march, whereas Crozier and Fitzjames plainly state on the Victory Point Record:

"April 25th, 1848. H.M. Ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were deserted on the 22nd of April five leagues N.N.W. of this, having been *beset* since 12 of September 1846 . . ." There is no mention of any of the ships having been crushed prior to the departure of the crews; that happened later and farther south as all the evidence collected to date goes to show.

As for the rest of Mowat's narrative—the down-grading of Parry and up-grading of John Ross is an example. There can be few students of arctic history, with arctic experience, who would agree with that. And so it goes.

In the epilogue it is not so much what Mowat says that is deceptive, although some of that too is questionable, but it is what is left unsaid that might leave some readers who are not familiar with the arctic story, but more especially readers in the world outside Canada, with a very wrong impression indeed.

Anyhow, on page 360 it is stated that: "Canada's actual control of her own arctic waters, so laboriously established by Bernier and by the voyages of Hudson's Bay Company and R.C.M.P. vessels, now slipped from her hands. Not until 1956 did she make any real attempt to re-assert her interest, and then her action was largely a symbolic one intended to regain at least the shadow of her diminished independence in her own territory. In 1956 she built a special ship to send into the ice. This vessel was the H.M.C.S. *Labrador*, and it was to be her pride to be the first large ship to navigate the North West Passage, and the first ship in history to navigate it through its northern arm. Hers was a magnificent gesture, for she was a fine ship and her people were concerned to show that Canadians, too, could dare the ice, accept its perils, and do as much as anyone to penetrate its defences.

"It was, however, not much more than a gesture. Before two years had passed, the *Labrador* had been taken away from the Navy and given to a Government administrative department, and doomed to spend the rest of her days . . . servicing such arctic outposts as Canada still nominally controlled.

"The burden of the conflict with the arctic ice in the northwestern regions now devolved upon the Americans by Canadian default, . . ."

These statements and the last one in particular can only have reference to DEW Line and related stations farther north, including weather stations which, as we all know, were jointly established and are presently jointly operated by our government and that of our good neighbours the U.S.A. for the benefit and protection of all North America and to help prevent the cold war from becoming a hot war. I cannot see that we have defaulted because of that. We still occupy and are still masters of our own arctic and carrying on with our arctic business and daily chores as usual (see Northern Affairs Bulletins) apart altogether from cold war developments. Far from defaulting it seems to me our government is attempting too much too fast.

Why is it, however, that many who would tell the arctic story play down and almost ignore how, over the course of the past half century, we Canadians without any help whatever from outsiders solved the problems

of shipping and ice movements throughout the Northwest Passage area and established proper dominion over all our arctic lands and seas? In so doing one of the oldest trades in Canada, the fur trade, in association with the Department of Northwest Territories, R.C.M. Police, and missions, played no small part and perhaps made its last great pioneering contribution to this comparatively new but potentially very great state we now call Canada. It was the fur trade that followed up the exploring period to contact every last one of the Eskimo population of the Northwest Passage area extending all the way from Alaska to North Baffin Island, and established there an unbroken line of posts varying from about two hundred miles apart at the most to less than one hundred miles and serviced them and still services them every summer with Canadian supply vessels.

IT IS worth taking note, too, that all that happened long before the *St. Roch* (1942) or the *Labrador* made their famous voyages through the Northwest Passage. The first complete coverage of the Northwest Passage by fur trade supply vessels was in 1928 when Oscar Bay post on the southwest coast of Boothia was established by the *Fort James*, in from Halifax, and again in 1930 when the same vessel returned from King William Island to Halifax after having been as far west as Queen Maud Gulf (see *The Beaver* Spring 1958). From then until 1937 the stretch of water lying between the northern terminals of the Vancouver and Montreal, or western and eastern, H B C arctic shipping supply lines, that is between King William Island post (which has been supplied from the west and in continuous operation since 1923) and Port Leopold and Arctic Bay was not again navigated. But in 1937 the *Aklavik* from the west met the *Nascopie* from the east when Fort Ross was established at the east end of Bellot Strait and from then until 1940 contact was made by schooner over that link between east and west each shipping season. During September of 1937 the *Aklavik* made two trips between Fort Ross and King William Island finally, after searching around a little along the middle east coast of Prince of Wales Island, freezing in for the winter at Four Rivers Bay on the southwest coast of Somerset Island. The *Seal* which had been brought in by the *Nascopie* made one trip to King William Island that same month and went on to Port Leopold with E. W. Lyall in charge, and a group of Baffin Landers, to re-open the post there just as freeze-up was taking over. Thus these two vessels between them navigated Bellot Strait no less than six times during the month of September 1937 and many times thereafter.

The trading posts of Port Leopold, Fort Ross and Oscar Bay, and the Klengenberg-Norkow wintering base and trapping station at Pasley Bay (established 1939) have all been abandoned since then and once again a gap exists between the shipping supply systems of east and west in the Northwest Passage. But economic conditions caused the closing of the posts—not ice obstruction.

Many government and other vessels ply our northern waters these days each season, as we all know, but also the fur trade ships still carry on with their Northwest Passage service and in that regard I am told that the "H B C Western Arctic operations for season 1960 have been very successful and except for a slight delay of the *Banksland* at Cape Barrow, it has been an almost completely ice-free season. The *Fort Hearne* made three trips from Tuktuk and tied up at the end of the season about September 11th. The *Banksland* went round from Vancouver and made one trip to Cambridge Bay and one trip to Spence Bay and tied up at Tuktuk about September 20th."

Probably these vessels could just as easily have continued on through to Atlantic waters from Spence Bay as return west to their wintering quarters. Such are the circumstances these days when together with great mechanical power and marvellous new navigating instruments, ship captains have at their disposal a vast accumulation of knowledge concerning ice movements and times of break-up and freeze-up, backed with lighthouses in the form of 200- to 400-foot and higher DEW Line steel towers, always ablaze with lights at night, spaced at approximately fifty mile intervals most of the way across the Northwest Passage shipping lanes, and all duly recorded on wonderfully detailed modern charts, such as the so often unfortunate but great hearted captains of the *Ordeal by Ice* story had to get along without.

Finally as we already possess a whole fleet of efficient, powerful, steel ice-breakers and supply ships which each season service the eastern and most northerly reaches of our arctic domain I cannot see what other purpose would be served by our government spending still more millions of dollars on still more powerful ice-breakers, as Mr. Mowat suggests, to battle uselessly with the main polar pack. With the aid of the ships they have and other means the various government departments and armed forces concerned, particularly the R.C.A.F., seem to be doing a pretty good job in placing personnel, researchers, supplies and equipment throughout the whole of that domain wherever and whenever they may be required, however remote, or however severe the weather, in any season of the year. ◆

"Beaver" wheel, lent by W. C. Wright, in the Maritime Museum of B.C. *Nat. Def. photo*

Though much has been written about this pioneer steamship which began to ply the Pacific coast in 1836 there has been no account of her work under the White Ensign. A search of Admiralty documents and naval correspondence has revealed some of her achievements during her association with the traditionally silent service as Her Majesty's Hired Surveying Vessel Beaver.

On the right is a 33-inch high beaver, carved in wood and presented by Indians as a figurehead which was sent to Capt. Pender as a memento after he returned to the Admiralty. It is in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Ursula Lyon, in England, through whose kindness it was photographed.

H.M.S. BEAVER

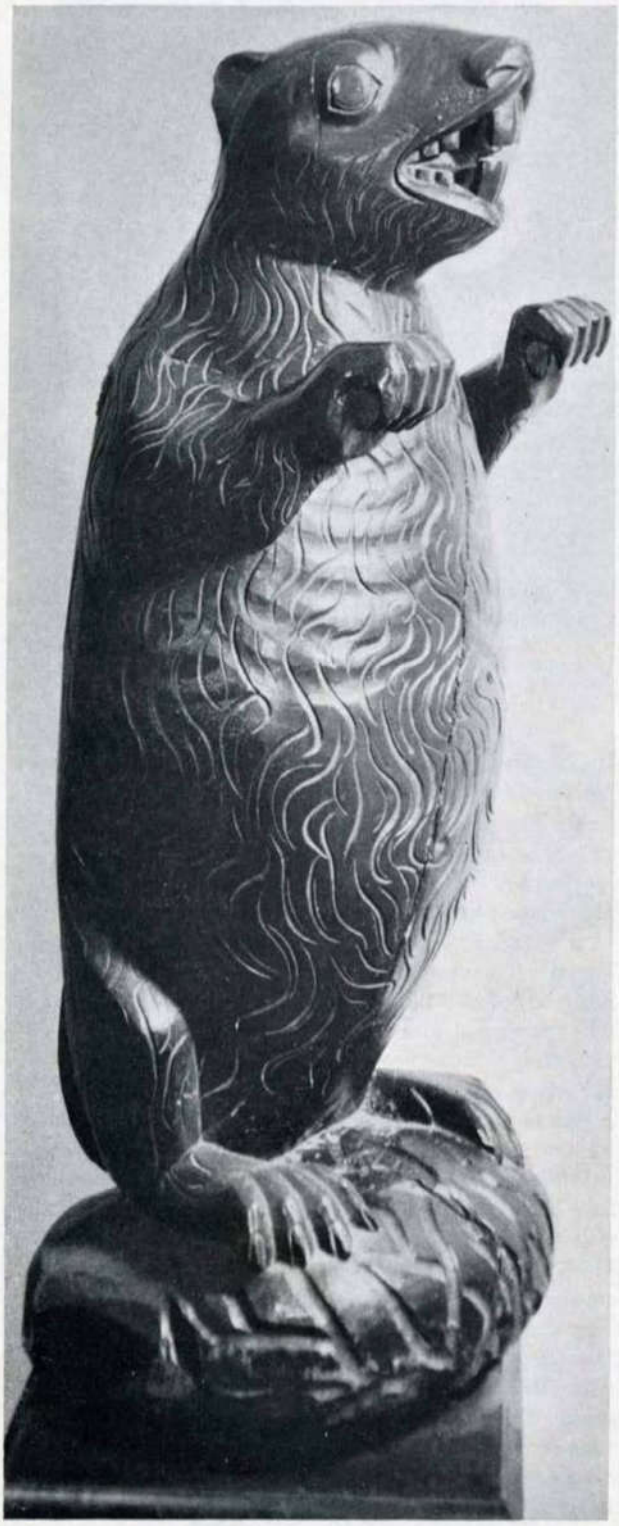
BY LAWRENCE FARRINGTON

DURING the nineteenth century many Royal Navy vessels were employed in charting the seas, and surveys of the north Pacific coast had been largely completed by Captain G. H. Richards in H.M.S. *Plumper* and *Hecate*. In 1862 Captain Richards was recalled to become Hydrographer of the Navy but before leaving his base at Esquimalt he sought to organize a scheme whereby the survey of the British Columbia coast could be continued and its waters made safe by accurate charts. The Admiralty decided to grant £3,500 per annum for the continuation of the survey and Richards, aware that no naval vessel would be made available for hydrographic work alone, cast his eyes upon the Hudson's Bay Company *Beaver* which was then at anchor in the inner harbour at Victoria. He recommended that this steamer should be hired as the best means of carrying on the survey work. However, financial considerations intervened as the Admiralty grant was £500 short of the required £4,000 to charter the vessel for one year. Undismayed he extracted a promise from Governor Douglas that this extra amount would be paid from the treasury of the Colony. Douglas obviously knew a bargain when it came along and the Colony's investment in this hydrographic survey produced excellent dividends in future years.

As soon as she became a government survey ship, the *Beaver* was refitted for her special duties, with extra chart rooms and accommodation for small boats. In December 1862 the White Ensign replaced the Company flag and she was towed from Victoria harbour to the naval anchorage in Esquimalt by the gunboat *Grappler*.

Twelve months prior to this she had been the subject of correspondence between Captain Richards and Governor Douglas. Richards in H.M.S. *Hecate* had hotly criticized the presence of the *Beaver* in Victoria harbour because she was being used as a floating magazine, and he was concerned lest the powder on board her might be ignited by the notoriously hot soot given off by the Nanaimo coal used aboard the early steam vessels on the Pacific coast. In the event of hostilities with the United States, not unlikely in those uneasy days, Richards feared

Lieut.-Commander Farrington, R.C.N., has received national awards for articles on naval history.



that the town and any vessels in port would be destroyed if the *Beaver* was set on fire accidentally or otherwise. Happily for the *Beaver*, *Hecate* and the other ship present, the Hudson's Bay Company ship *Labouchere*, these dire predictions did not materialize. At all events, before Esquimalt would receive her, the gunpowder stored on board for many months was removed to a safer location.

During the early months of 1863 she was completely overhauled while awaiting surveying instruments from England. During speed trials in the Strait of Juan de Fuca she achieved a speed of nine knots and her engines were rated at 70 horsepower, quite a tribute to her original builders Boulton and Watt of London, the pioneer makers of steam engines. A chart room on deck was built, the master's old stateroom was converted into a wardroom for the naval officers, and the port and starboard paddle boxes were ingeniously adapted for use as cabins for the surgeon and engineer.

Appointed to command this fine recruit to Her Majesty's Service was Captain Daniel R. Pender, Royal Navy, who had been on the coast since 1857 and who had been left by Richards to complete the survey of the B.C. coasts adjacent to Vancouver Island. To assist him in this hydrographic mission were Mr. E. R. Blunden, Second Master, Doctor Bogg, Surgeon and Naturalist, Mr. Charles Bonwick, Engineer in Charge, and a crew of twenty-nine naval seamen and one marine. Since the *Beaver's* task was not only to survey and chart the seas but also to preserve order on the coast if need be, she was armed with small arms and a single one-pound swivel gun mounted in the forward section. By June 1863 H.M.S. *Beaver* was fit in all respects for sea and her adventures as a surveyor began.

Steaming out to continue the naval survey of the northern shores of British Columbia, the *Beaver* discovered that the title "surveyor" was to embrace a variety of tasks well outside the range of her normal terms of reference. Her first task in 1863 was to check on the state of settlements on the upper sections of Vancouver Island. Pender was able to report that all was quiet on the coast. Returning to Esquimalt by way of Fort Rupert and Nanaimo, Pender took his vessel to Texada Island at the request of Colonel Richard Clement Moody, Commanding Officer of the Royal Engineers who ashore was busy complementing Pender's maritime survey work by road, town and country surveys. Moody, as the first Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for British Columbia, had asked Pender to examine the northwest end of Texada Island and to submit diagrams and tracings of the limestone formations found there. This was all part of the day's work to the *Beaver's* crew.

Lieutenant Daniel Pender, R.N. B.C. Archives

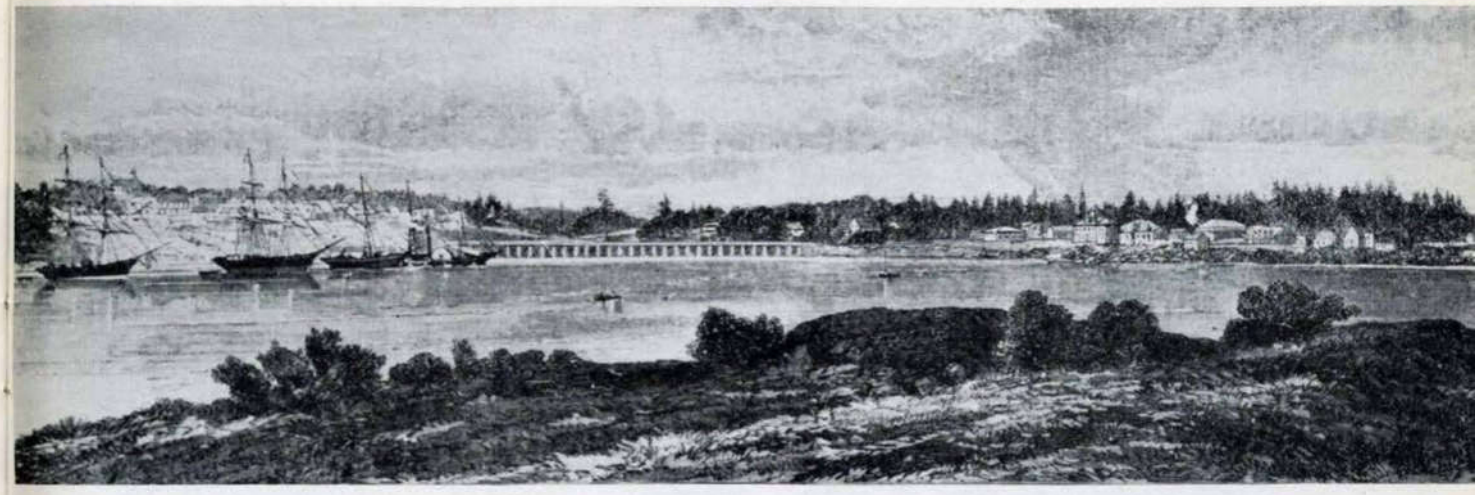
In the following spring she crossed to the mainland to survey the northern portions of the colony. Nekwilta Inlet, never previously surveyed, was done before a gale forced her to seek shelter in Captain Vancouver's Safety Cove, Fitzhugh Sound. Queen Charlotte's Sound was surveyed before she returned to Victoria harbour to have her boilers repaired. Governor Seymour (who had succeeded Douglas as governor of B.C.) was keen to have the mouth of the Fraser River re-examined so off went the busy *Beaver* to this area where today fishing fleets reap the rich salmon harvest. Pender was able to find a few changes in the depth of water since the survey of 1859 and he recommended the placing of permanent buoys and beacons to mark the channel.

Soon more warlike tasks awaited H.M.S. *Beaver*. She was rushed to the mouth of the Fraser bearing dispatches from the Admiral to Captain Gilford in H.M.S. *Tribune* with orders to send up one of the naval gunboats to Bentinck Arm to investigate some Indian trouble there. This was the occasion when the long arm of the Royal Navy quelled the possible joint revolt of the Chilcotin and Bella Coola Indians in Burke Channel by the timely arrival of H.M.S. *Sutlej* with Governor Seymour on board. The ship fired a salute on the occasion of the anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne and the sound of guns in the narrow inlet acted as an adequate deterrent to any future insurrection. The *Beaver* was employed as a supply vessel, taking two months' provisions for the gunboat H.M.S. *Grappler* on patrol in the troubled waters of Bute Inlet. This exciting year of 1864 was brought to a successful conclusion by a survey expedition to Devastation Sound.

New waters were discovered during the next year, which saw Knight's Inlet surveyed, with the channels leading into it from Queen Charlotte Sound, Broughton and Johnstone Straits. The new inlet farther up the coast was suitably named Seymour Inlet in honour of the governor of the colony. Acting as policeman of the North Pacific, the *Beaver* brought the body of the murderer Antoine and the latter's boat to Nanaimo and once again the shore authorities were grateful for her services.

1866 proved to be a year of great survey activity. Numerous channels between the northern end of Vancouver Island and the northern boundary of British possessions in lattitude 54° 40′ were explored. The harbour at the eastern entrance of Skidegate Channel (a name adopted by Pender in 1866) in the Queen Charlotte Islands was surveyed, much of this good work being done by small boats without the aid of modern echo sounding gear which today provides an easy method of tracing the sea bed in confined anchorages. As a diversion from such lonely pursuits, the *Beaver* was employed as the examining vessel for local pilots. Pender was authorized by the local Colonial Secretary to examine masters of vessels who were seeking credentials to act as pilots for such harbours as Esquimalt, Victoria, Nanaimo and Comox. Uncharted rocks reported to the local authorities were all investigated by Pender who added them to his growing folio of navigational charts and in many cases graciously named such hidden menaces after their discoverers. The year closed with another examination of the bar at the entrance to the Fraser River where it was found that the course of the channel was constantly changing, and a visit to Bella Bella which brought the good news that all was quiet in that district.

While the rest of British North America was preparing for Confederation celebrations, the *Beaver* was due for a refit and was towed by her naval colleague the gunboat H.M.S. *Forward* from Esquimalt to Victoria to undergo repairs and to await the arrival of a new boiler from England. In July 1867 a thorough examination of her timbers revealed that they were as sound as they were when she was launched thirty-two years before. Her sturdy British oak had even survived the mishap of running aground on the notorious Race Rocks off Vancouver Island. There a rock weighing ten pounds had embedded itself in the *Beaver's* timbers and it was not discovered



James Bay, Victoria, where "Beaver" was paid off on completion of her naval service. Government buildings on right.

until later when she was docked for repairs. After her refit she suffered the humiliation of coming down the repair ways in a most unseamanlike manner and finished up on her side in the soft mud flats. Pulled off by her friend *Forward* she was taken to the Hudson's Bay Company wharf to recover before setting off for Fort Simpson to resume her surveying duties near the northern boundary of British North West America.

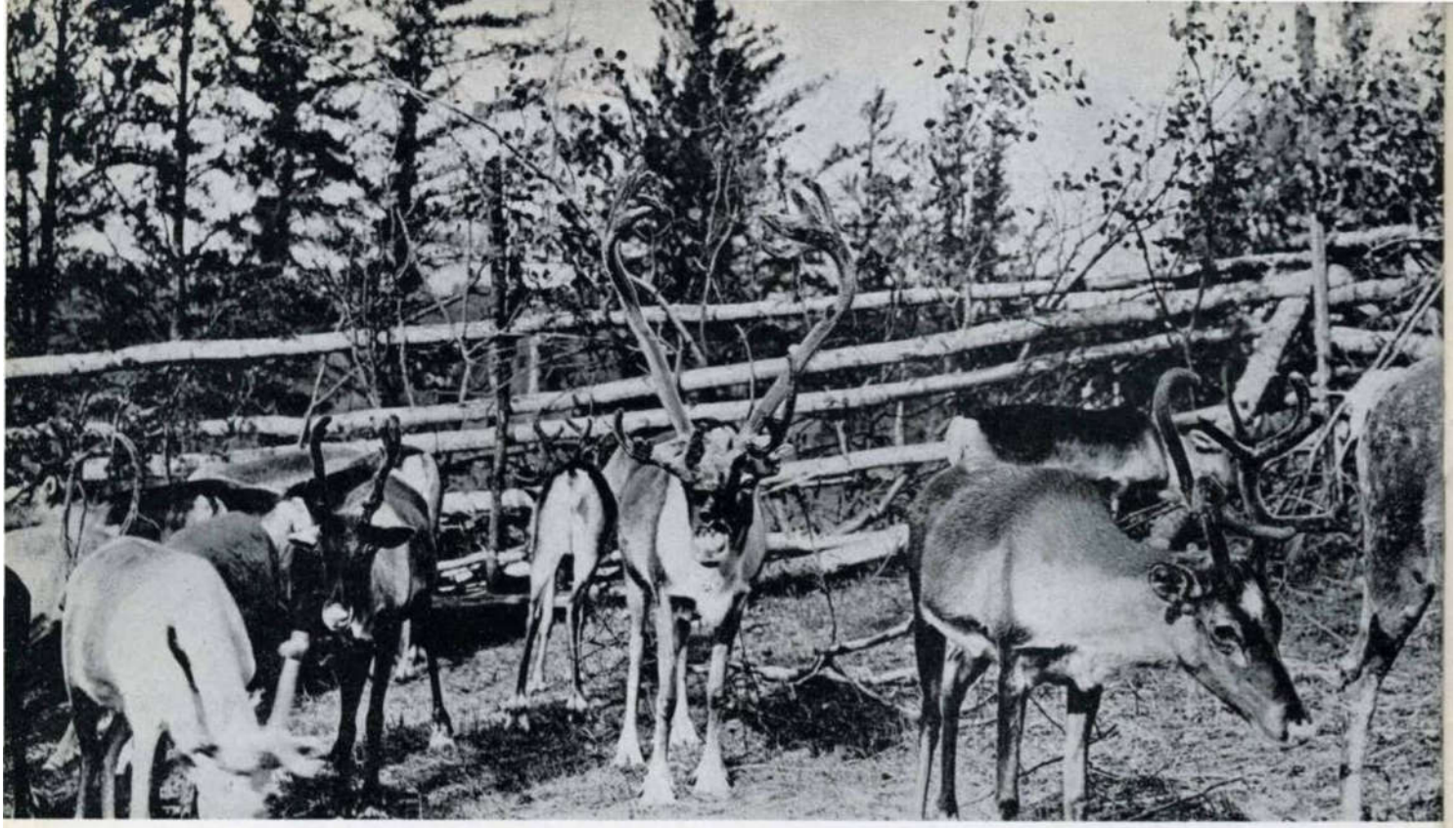
By 1868 the *Beaver's* crew had examined and charted over nine hundred miles of coast as far north as the southern tip of Alaska. New anchorages were discovered; Portland Inlet was found to extend eleven miles farther north than was shown on the old charts; and the Fraser River surveys were continued. The following year saw her investigating the best positions for placing beacons on Captain Vancouver's famous Spanish and Sturgeon Banks off the entrance to Burrard Inlet, an enterprise undertaken at the direction of the local government to help the saw-mill interests. A few years later, after the Hudson's Bay Company sold her to private owners, the *Beaver* was to use such navigational aids during her humble career as a tow to lumber carriers to and from Burrard Inlet. One wonders if Pender and his surveyors foresaw the establishment of British Columbia's largest city as he and his devoted pioneers sounded and charted the then quiet waters in their small vessel.

Although the Admiralty had intended to withdraw the survey party at the close of 1869, the ship was still completing her work in 1870 but her days as a naval vessel were numbered. Resurveys on a large scale of Becher and Pedder Bays at the east end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, bays now used as naval anchorages by the ships of the Pacific Command of the Royal Canadian Navy, were the last survey assignments before it was announced that H.M.S. *Beaver* would go out of commission and be handed over to the Hudson's Bay Company.

On 21 December 1870 the traditional naval paying-off ceremony took place as the vessel lay at anchor in James Bay, near the present site of Victoria's famed Empress Hotel. Commander Pender and Lieutenant Coghlan, representing the naval authorities, handed the vessel over to Chief Factor James A. Grahame and Captain Herbert Lewis, representing the Hudson's Bay Company. The pennant and the White Ensign were lowered, and the Hudson's Bay Company flag was run up. H.M.S. *Beaver* no longer adorned the Admiralty's List of Ships. Four years later she was auctioned and ended her days as a tug and supply vessel.

H.M.S. *Beaver's* work was not forgotten and it is still serving those ships who do their business in the great waters of British Columbia. Pender returned to England with sufficient chart data to complete seventeen Admiralty charts of various sections of the B.C. coast. Hecate Strait, the Queen Charlotte Islands, Port Simpson, and innumerable harbours, were but a few of the Admiralty charts based upon the *Beaver's* surveys during 1863-70 which were soon produced and printed for the Royal Navy, merchant shipping and the general public.

Today if we look at a large scale map of British Columbia's long and indented coast we are constantly reminded that the *Beaver* and her naval surveyors intended that their quiet labours should be remembered. Beaver Harbour, Cove, Rock, Ledge and Creek are all named after the Hudson's Bay Company paddle steamer; Coghlan Rock and Anchorage, Pender, Bonwick, and Blunden Islands recall those who, with surveying instruments and cartographic skill, made hydrographic history on Canada's Pacific coast. Thus in her half century of service did the versatile *Beaver*—trader, explorer, freighter, Royal Navy vessel, tow-boat—join that distinguished company of ships that chart the seas and make them safe for all. ◆



The herd corralled at the end of their railway journey, north of Edmonton.

REINDEER

Mail and Empire, Toronto, 1913

Will the great stretches of Arctic territory which Canada owns ever be of real use to mankind? Alaska has its minerals, but if there be no minerals in the country east of the mountains belonging to Canada, what is there to support a population? As far East as Labrador, where the Eskimos and a few missionaries reign supreme, there are immense areas which ought to be turned to some account for the good of Canada and humanity in general.

Ottawa Journal, 22 November 1913

It seems to be possible to grow high-class grains and vegetables up as far as the Arctic Circle. The Canadian Government Inspector of Indian Posts, who was recently in Ottawa, exhibited vegetables grown at Fort McPherson that would have done credit to a Southern Ontario farm. Territory capable of producing foodstuffs has an assured future, but it is the great Arctic wastes, where now the trapper and hunter and nomad Eskimo alone disturb the solitude that will in future years be the subject of statesmanlike concern.

The most obvious of all uses is the propagation of domesticated reindeer, to furnish nourishing meat to a population that must have meat to exist. In fact, the reindeer is said by some experts to be the coming rival of the beef animals of our civilization. It may yet furnish the meat our exhausting commercial processes would deprive us of by the depletion of the cattle supplies.

IT was 46 years after this editorial excess that our plane caught up with a Northwest Territories' game boat near Le Grand Detour on the lower reaches of the Slave River above Great Slave Lake.

"This man is looking for you," said Joe Bryant, chief of game for the Mackenzie region, who had accompanied me, as the occupant of the boat clambered up to join us on the flats above the river.

The man coming up the river bank was grey and grizzled, heavy-set and powerful, with twinkling eyes looking out of a craggy face.

"Mr. McNeill?"

"Call me Billy," he said, and, travelling for the *Beaver*, I met Billy McNeill, who in 1911 had left St. Anthony in Newfoundland with a herd of fifty reindeer, intent upon furthering dominion government policy of establishing a new northern industry and, at the same time, earning his $400 a year pay as a herder.

He had worked under Nathaniel Gear who was the chief herder at St. Anthony. Gear had put his name to a contract which read "This indenture witnesseth that 'Nathaniel Gear' herewith agrees with the Labrador Medical Mission for and on behalf of the Canadian Department of the Interior to proceed with a herd of Reindeer to Canada for a period of not less than two years as Chief Herder and to receive in consideration of said services the sum of five hundred dollars per annum and found (Found shall mean supplies and a comfortable house)."

When W. H. Webster and K. S. Forbes witnessed the document neither they nor Nathaniel Gear could know that the contract was not destined to be renewed and that McNeill would succeed to the office of Chief Herder. This was a time when there were great expectations as to the future of the reindeer in the north.

Earl Grey, Governor-General, had called at the mission of that great reindeer lobbyist, W. T. Grenfell, and in 1910, had suggested to the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that there would be merit in establishing reindeer in the northern reaches of Canada. Dr. Grenfell's 1907 government-aided importation of 300 reindeer had, by this time, increased to 1,200. He sold the Department of Interior fifty head at a price of $51.30 each, with an extra charge for moss to feed them on the way to their proposed new home at Fort Smith, 500 miles north of Edmonton.

"This small herd consisted of 6 four year old stags; 4 gelded stags, trained as sled-deer; and 40 three- to four-year-old breeding does. Arrangements were made through the Department of Marine and Fisheries for the transportation of the deer from St. Anthony, Newfoundland, to Quebec. The animals reached Quebec on September 18th after a prolonged voyage of eleven days that should have taken four. Owing to the deer being subjected to excessive heat in the 'tween-decks of the vessel, and owing also to taking on board powdered gypsum which in large quantities was lowered into the vessel immediately in front of the deer pens, four of the does died. On continuing the journey from Quebec, from which point stock cars were provided, to within fifty miles of Athabasca Landing, four more died."

FOR THE NORTH

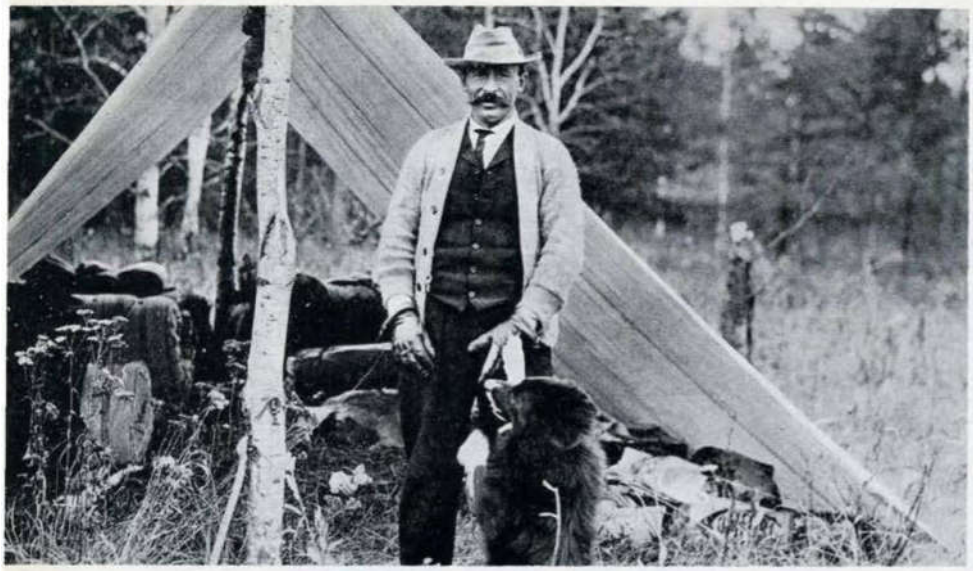
BY RALPH HEDLIN
free-lance writer and broadcaster

Among the four that died on the railway journey was one stag and from the end of steel by wagon to the Landing (as Athabasca was then called) one doe died.

"At the end of steel and at the Landing, green oats were procured in order to eke out the supply of reindeer moss brought from Newfoundland. Up to that time, September 29th, 1911, one stag and eight does had been lost, the herd being thus reduced to 41." So wrote Maxwell Graham, Chief of the Animal and Zoological Division to J. B. Harkin, Commissioner of Dominion Parks in Ottawa.

The herd had been accompanied on the trip west by Nathaniel Gear and his wife, by William McNeill and John Broomfield (both aged 20), the three men employed as herders, and by C. F. Drake, representing the Department of the Interior.

Up to this point the reindeer had traveled by ship, train, and wagon. Now they were put in pens built on four scows for the long 500-mile float down the Athabasca River to Lake Athabasca and down the Slave River to Fort Smith. For $500 a scow Captain Shot had



Chief Herder Nathaniel Gear with one of the Lapland dogs.

contracted to deliver them to Fort Smith. It was September 30th before the flotilla left. Drake acquired a steamer and towed the four scows on the Athabasca River, turning back at Pelican Rapids. From here on the scows would have to float north.

R. H. Campbell, Chief of the Forestry Branch, takes up the story in a memorandum to W. W. Cory, Deputy Minister of the Department of the Interior, dated March 27th, 1913.

"The journey from Fort McMurray to Chipewyan [on Lake Athabasca] was attended with much difficulty. When nearing Chipewyan at Big Cascade Rapids a couple of men who had been trapping up Deepbank Creek were discovered to be stuck on the Cascade. Some of Captain Shot's men went to assist them and for their kindness were treated to a bottle of whiskey, and there was some trouble getting them back to work. From Big Cascade Rapids to Old Fort a strong headwind prevailed and about 20 miles from old Fort the scows were driven ashore and could not be moved for three days; here six deer died on account of exposure to the weather and the insufficiency of deer moss which was scarce in that place.

"Sixteen days were spent in the journey from Fort McMurray to Chipewyan. Word had been sent ahead to have eight men engaged to assist in taking the scows across the lake, but on arrival at that place only four men were on hand. Consequently only two scows could be taken across at a time. The trip across the lake was begun at 9 p.m., and as none of the men taken on seemed to know the channel they lost their way and the morning found them amongst the floating ice which they had to break through in order to get to an island where the steamer *Rey* was awaiting them.

"Mr. Dunne tried to get the steamer to cross the lake for the other two scows, but he had to repair the engine of the steamer, so the men themselves had to bring the scows across.

"The next day the scows were towed from the island to the main shore where another delay was met with, as a pipe in the steamer's boiler burst and had to be removed. The journey was not resumed until the following Sunday at eleven o'clock, and at that time the ice was floating so thickly that the boats suffered great injury by the time the rapids were reached on October 29th. Here the river was frozen nearly across and the engineer decided that it would be unwise to attempt to run the rapids, which on inspection were found to be blocked by an ice jam.

"It was then decided to unload the deer, as there appeared to be an abundance of deer moss in that vicinity. During the operations of unloading one of the animals died, leaving a herd of 33 head of deer all in good condition. They became very tame and began to feed upon the moss, never leaving camp more than a mile or two. The days between November 6th and 18th were spent in building a shack of logs, to build the roof of which one of the scows was broken up.

"At this place, 70 miles from Fort Smith, and 12 miles north of Chipewyan, as the reindeer moss was very plentiful and as the men were amply supplied with provisions, it was decided to remain until such time as the deer could be driven to Fort Smith or until the spring when they could be conveyed down the river."

Billy McNeill fitted his back against a tree, his quick movements denying his 68 years, and prepared to talk. "I remember it well," said Billy, "We had a good camp.

Billy McNeill in 1959

The trek from end of steel to Athabasca Landing with all the deer except four stags in wagons.

We had lots of grub—granulated potatoes, carrots, turnip, and cabbage and a pound a day of bacon. Every tree had a spruce hen in it. We were only about 11 miles through the bush to Fort Chip."

For the first and last time in the experiment the reindeer fared well. "There were ridges of caribou moss and the deer'd eat that. We only lost two all winter—a buck went out on the ice and went through, and a doe wandered away. The deer were fat in the spring. When the ice went out we took them down the Slave to Fort Fitzgerald and another 30 miles east to Big Whitefish Lake."

Continued Mr. Campbell's memorandum to his Deputy Minister: "On May 20th Mr. A. J. Bell, Chief Herder Gear, together with Mrs. Gear and two herders and 31 deer (one of the 32 having strayed away from camp on April 15th) arrived at Fort Smith from their winter quarters in the three scows towed by the Government steamer *Rey*." (As the Slave River is not navigable between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith it must be assumed that Billy McNeill is right in saying the end of the journey was Fort Fitzgerald.) "During the last part of June the flies became very troublesome and the whole herd of reindeer stampeded and were scattered and owing to the dense summer growth of underbrush Mr. Gear was able to secure only 12 of the 31.

"I was inclined to censure the herders for permitting the stampede to occur and for not getting the herd together again, but Mr. H. A. Conroy, Indian Inspector, informs me that the flies were very bad last year and it is no wonder that the herd stampeded. Indeed, he is only surprised that they were able to get any together again, and considers that the herder must have been an especially good man to be able to do as well as he did."

Billy McNeill shifted to find a more comfortable position. "Yes, we lost the herd. We just built the fence of sapling you know. An old Scotchman knew from experience that sapling with the leaves on would hold the deer. When the flies hit them they went right out of there and took that fence of saplings with them."

Let it be said in defence of Nathaniel Gear that on 5th March and again on 23rd May 1912, he went on record as being "very apprehensive of trouble from flies." The animals were lost in June.

The herders faced the task of rounding up the lost reindeer. McNeill and a companion headed out and a gruelling thirty days later found twelve does on a mud flat along the Slave River.

"We didn't know where we were at," said Billy. "But we found an old, abandoned dugout canoe and made it tight with a piece of shirt and some spruce gum. I floated down river for two days and then I came to Fort Fitzgerald. The Hudson's Bay Company agent fed me—I was pretty hungry by now—and then we went back with a scow and got the deer."

During the winter one of these twelve remaining does got away. In the spring of 1913 the remaining eleven deer were enclosed on three sides by a tight fence and on the fourth by the violent rapids between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith. On June 6th eight of the deer, driven by the flies, swam the rapids and got away. One was quickly recaptured.

Says one of the Ottawa memoranda: "The Chief Herder having resigned, the two remaining herders now go out to attempt the recovery of as many deer as possible. During their absence, dogs, on the night of August 25th last, break into the corral and kill one of the deer.

The hardy stags that had followed the wagons to Athabasca Landing walked up sagging planks to the scows that awaited them.

"A further report of September 8th last states that the two herders, W. McNeill and John Broomfield, have returned leading seven deer which they captured and broke to the halter. Those men must have worked indefatigably and deserve credit for this capture. Unfortunately, the ten deer at this time in the corral were all does."

More misfortunes were in store. The animals were corralled at Fort Smith and, within three months, seven of them were dead, presumably as a result of a nutritional deficiency. Only three of the original fifty reindeer remained when the snows melted in the spring of 1914—and one of those died during the summer. The instructions from Ottawa were to the effect that the remainder of the herd was to be moved to a suitable island in Great Slave Lake, some 200 miles north of Fort Smith were the flies might be less troublesome.

"The Catholic mission had a scow," recollected Billy McNeill. "It was pulled to Fort Resolution by the S.S. *Hope*. We took the deer to Waite Island eight miles from old Fort Rae, on the north arm of Great Slave Lake. I stayed there all winter with them."

While McNeill herded his two reindeer on Waite Island Mr. Campbell, in February 1914, advised his Deputy Minister that "The Chief Herder, Mr. McNeill, is going to try and capture a few caribou during the winter, and if this succeeds it may be possible to continue the experiment, but if not it is quite clear that the experiment will have to be abandoned or else a new shipment sent in."

No caribou were caught that winter, and the following year a Toronto newspaper commented in December 1915: "Local Indians have promised to capture some caribou . . . as the caribou very closely resemble the reindeer, it is hoped that a cross may be secured having the good points of both animals."

Billy McNeill set out to capture a barren ground caribou bull. "Penrose Warren, who was a clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Rae, went with me and we had a Dogrib Indian as guide. We'd have got a caribou but for the Dogribs. We had our snares set in a draw but the local Indians got the idea it'd be bad luck if we took a deer out and they drove them away whenever they started to come toward us."

The men were gone for a total of 35 days. "It was pretty cold. We each had a five-dog team. We didn't have any tent, but we had rabbit skin robes made by the Indians. Penrose travelled with me back to Fort Rae, where he was stationed, and I went on to Fort Smith alone."

While they were away one of the remaining does died. Now, in 1916, the fifty-head herd was down to a hardy remnant of one.

"I wrote to Ottawa and asked what I should do. Word came back that we should wind up the experiment."

"What did you do with the final reindeer?"

McNeill smiled, and flashed a glance from beneath shaggy eyebrows. "The work with those deer cost $62,000. Let's just say I had a feed of the most high priced meat ever eaten in the north country."

Knife and fork in hand, McNeill had ended the Fort Smith experiment. But the 1911-16 adventure was neither the beginning nor the end of the attempts to transplant reindeer.

The first and most successful attempt—and the one that triggered all the others—was the importation of reindeer from Siberia into Alaska by the U.S. Government, starting in 1892. The immediate and dramatic (and temporary) success of this project attracted private and government attention to the reindeer.

The next two attempts were made by private companies or individuals and were total failures. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who was general agent for the U.S. Government in the work in Alaska with reindeer, noted the attempts in his "Introduction of Domestic Reindeer into Alaska." Mr. G. Lewis of Montreal shipped 42 reindeer from Norway to New York in 1898. Seven died on the trip across the ocean, and 29 in crossing the continent; six lived to reach Skagway, but only two reached Dawson. Dr. Jackson also mentions David O'Neil, an Arizona miner, who purchased 2,000 deer in Arctic Russia at about $12 apiece. With 34 selected deer he travelled to Hamburg, Germany, a journey of 1,800 miles across the country. A number died on the 23-day Atlantic voyage, others while crossing America. The only one to reach Skagway died on the wharf. Dr. Jackson attributed the failure not to the inability of the reindeer to endure long voyages but to lack of moss and an attempt to substitute hay and grain en route. There is no record of what happened to the remainder of Mr. O'Neil's reindeer.

In 1907, backed financially by the Canadian Government, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell imported 300 reindeer from Norway to Newfoundland. After early successes the experiment failed but Grenfell remained enthusiastic.

There is little question that he excited Earl Grey and so led to the Fort Smith adventure. In 1913 he received a $500 federal grant to send Nathaniel Gear and J. J. H. Evans through Hudson Bay to examine the suitability of Churchill and Port Nelson in Manitoba for reindeer herds but the trip was not made and the money was refunded.

Dr. Grenfell corresponded with the government for some years in an effort to have herds established and in 1919 it was believed two companies would go into reindeer raising in the Hudson Bay region but nothing came of the projects.

In 1914 the Council of the Yukon Territory passed a resolution requesting the Canadian Government to establish a reindeer herd in the Yukon. Sir Robert Borden promised consideration and for all one knows it is still being considered.

At the Landing the wagons carrying the reindeer backed up to the scows on which pens had been built for the 500-mile trip down river.

In 1921 the Hudson's Bay Company imported 550 reindeer from Norway and planted them on Baffin Island. This venture failed. The last attempt to establish reindeer in northern Canada—and the only one with even initial success—was the government purchase of 3,000 in Alaska and the establishment of 2,370 of them in the Mackenzie Delta in 1935. Though they have increased, these herds are on the wane.

The enthusiasm for reindeer fifty or sixty years ago can scarcely be exaggerated. To a number of potential investors it offered a hope of great capital gain and to governments a new industry for the north, supplying food to world markets. With supposed limitless range

and assumed limitless capacity of the reindeer to procreate, nothing, in theory, could deny success.

The only person who cast any doubts on this rosy vista was the Chief of the Animal and Zoological Division of the Department of the Interior, Maxwell Graham. He clearly lacked enthusiasm. He had, for example, urged that the reindeer be herded on Caribou Mountain, a hundred miles west of Fort Smith, for the specious reason that woodland caribou were thriving there. Caribou and reindeer were virtually identical, and so, he concluded, reindeer might do well there too. "It is well known to zoologists that in this country and in Alaska, the Woodland Caribou seeks relief from mosquitoes, etc., by going to the hills and mountains, where there are open airy spaces. In my opinion it would be wholly impossible to maintain a herd of reindeer anywhere within the low forested country near Fort Smith."

There was further evidence that he lacked the proper enthusiasm. He quoted with approval, for example, the carping biologist who had said that "in view of the fact that we have our own native species of reindeer, it is not good policy to import European species while permitting the extermination of our native caribou."

In 1914 Mr. Graham stated firmly: "I would draw attention to the fact that Canada possesses today tens of millions of dollars of Barren Ground caribou meat and hides. These animals (like those of Dr. Grenfell), would, as before pointed out by me, be quite useless for transportation purposes, but of their value as furnishing nourishing and palatable meat, as well as valuable hides, there can be no question. Through their means, the Government, in my opinion, has now a great opportunity to reduce the cost of living; the immense herds on these Barren Grounds . . . are transmuting otherwise useless moss into palatable and nourishing meat and, excepting where . . . they impinge on sparsely inhabited outlying districts, their meat is being used to maintain and swell the ferocious hordes of Arctic and Barren Ground wolves."

While enthusiasm for the imported reindeer fluttered and swelled, and while Graham refused to get into step, the herds of Barren Ground caribou continued to shrink. Forty years were to go by and the herds were to shrink to the edge of extinction before a sum remotely approaching the $62,000 expended on the fifty reindeer for Fort Smith, was to be applied to the preservation of the Barren Ground herds. It was 1949 before the plea of Maxwell Graham was taken up with any effect and tardy steps were taken to preserve the remnant of the caribou.

The cost of McNeill's $62,000 dinner, if the costs of lost opportunity are added, was higher than he knew. ◆

Some of the much-travelled reindeer, with herders and helpers. All photographs (except McNeill) were taken by C. F. Drake, the government representative on the trip, in 1911.

NORTHERN BOOKS

INDIAN LIFE IN THE UPPER GREAT LAKES: 11,000 B.C. to A.D. 1800
by George Irving Quimby
The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1960. xv+182 pages. $5.95.

Reviewed by T. F. McIlwraith

IN this volume Quimby has used an ingenious approach by taking as his theme a geographical area, that of the Upper Great Lakes, and dealing with its Indian inhabitants over a period of some 13,000 years. In so doing he has written on archaeology, ethnology, and cultural adjustment. The result is a geographical and ecological area study, extending from the earliest human occupancy to the beginnings of the modern period about A.D. 1800.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty of this type of study is that of organizing the material into a coherent whole, and in this the author has not been entirely successful. The chapters are uneven in quality and in detail, probably the result of being written at different periods. The first section is admirable. I know of no comparable synthesis of the geological history of the area, with the complexities of glacial movements and of the extension and recession of prehistoric lakes. Quimby writes lucidly on this extremely difficult period, and students will welcome his clear conclusions, based upon expert knowledge. Archaeological dating depends, to a considerable extent, on this geological evidence, and his data on the correlation between archaeological horizons and geological periods are valuable and informative. But in describing the elements of prehistoric culture, he has difficulty in providing enough material for the specialist without too much detail for the layman.

This same difficulty is apparent in describing the ethnology of the historic tribes of the area. Personally, I have always found it almost impossible to describe the way of life of a single tribe briefly, and yet in a readable fashion. Quimby has attempted to do this for some ten tribes, and in so doing has tended to give a catalogue of traits. Moreover, he has laid himself open to criticism in the inevitably all-too-brief generalizations. A single example, p. 126, is his statement that "the most highly organized portion of Chippewa religious life revolved around a Feast of the Dead somewhat similar to that of the Huron and the Midewiwin, or Grand Medicine Society," a statement which requires amplification to substantiate the author's meaning. Similar over-generalizations are apparent in his treatment of later archaeological horizons, particularly in respect to Ontario, with the literature of which he appears to be less familiar than that of the region west of Lake Erie.

The breakdown of native life throughout this area is a huge subject in itself, one fraught with human and emotional values which are lost in a single chapter. I admire Quimby's courage in trying to compress so much into a single volume, with the additional complication of trying to write for the layman a book which will also be valuable to the specialist. *Indian Life in the Upper Great Lakes* would have been improved if each chapter had been less of an individual unit, and, within the chapters, if the information had been presented in flowing style instead of a series of eight or ten paragraphs to a single page.

Professor McIlwraith is head of the department of anthropology at the University of Toronto.

SONGS OF OLD MANITOBA
with airs, French and English words and introductions
by Margaret Arnett MacLeod
Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1960. 93 pages. $3.95.

Reviewed by Marius Barbeau.

THIS handsome little book is a revelation and a labour of love. It preserves a great deal of the tone and temper of the vanished past of the Red River and Manitoba, and every Canadian should be grateful to its author for her glowing addition to the folk history of her beloved province.

For the lack of published records, the people at large were all too prone to infer that folk music was not to be found on the western prairies. Yet everybody knows that, among the new settlers from continental Europe, the Ukrainians possess colourful songs and costumes which they fondly bring out on festive occasions. And, on the very first year (1916) of my own collecting French-Canadian folk songs on the lower St. Lawrence, I was deeply impressed by the tune of *Les Bois-brules*, from Edouard Hovington of Tadoussac, an aged servant of the Hudson's Bay Company: "Voulez-vous ecouter chanter une chanson de verite . . ." Its inspired delivery, truly traditional and folk-like, was credited, in the last verse, to "Pierriche Falcon," a Bois-Brule or Chicot (half-breed), who was known to have composed orally other songs. (I have reproduced its tune in *The Beaver*, June 1942).

Indeed Pierre Falcon was a true bard, as he is revealed in Mrs. MacLeod's folklore of the Red River. And it matters not in the least whether he had gone to school at Laprairie, Quebec, and knew how to read and write. For he was bred in the atmosphere of fairy tales and legends and knew from early childhood all the voyageur songs. No one could reproduce his ornate vocal style better than Hovington far away from Manitoba, because he had learned his songs from Miss Barnston, the daughter of a chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was Falcon's contemporary.

Not all the seven songs attributed to Pierre Falcon in Mrs. MacLeod's book ring true to the tradition prevailing among the western settlers and canoemen. But this is no doubt due to the vagaries of oral transmission and late recording. They all relate to the memorable experience of the Bois-Brules, and often end with the signature: "Amis, buvons, trinquons, saluons la chanson de Pierre Falcon, Le faiseur de chansons!"

Of all the Canadian-born minstrels interpreting in song his own life and adventures, Falcon stands at the forefront, but he is not the only one of his colourful type. We are deeply indebted to Mrs. MacLeod for her painstaking search for his scattered compositions and presentations of his unique career in the annals of Manitoba (1793-1869?).

Nearly half of the book is dedicated to the Bois-Brules early period of Assiniboia, and it is the most picturesque. It belongs to legend no less than to history. The songs, of varied types, are rightly attributed to Falcon. And then we pass on to historical times with the coming of Louis Riel, who was also a maker of songs, but of a different kind—written and literary. The lines are long and rhetorical and the tunes were borrowed from "imageries de Metz et d'Epinal" everywhere familiar in French Canada, like "La complainte du Juif Errant." The history of the Riel Rebellion and the official beginning of Manitoba are briefly but vividly written. But the songs of the period belong to the era of script and letters. Their tunes are from abroad, Scottish or Irish or American.

Reading this lovely little book and learning within its red-cloth cover that it was awarded public recognition in the Legislature of Manitoba, one is reminded that there was a sage who believed that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

Dr. Barbeau, noted ethnologist, folklorist, and author is, among many other activities, president of the Canadian Folk Music Society.

PORTAGE INTO THE PAST: By Canoe Along the Minnesota-Ontario Boundary Waters

by J. Arnold Bolz, with chapter drawings by Francis Lee Jaques

University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1960. 181 pages. $5.50.

Reviewed by Lyn Harrington

THOSE who love the canoe country of Northwestern Ontario, especially that old pathway from Lake Superior to Lake of the Woods, will be delighted to add one more volume to a growing bookshelf. This region of interlacing waterways and rocks and forests has beguiled many a diarist into print. From La Verendrye's journal to this latest publication, they make good reading, filled with interest. Many of those fine old journals are so rare that it takes a real enthusiast to track them down.

Dr. Bolz, a physician who lives in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, has a passion both for this region and for the journals referring to it. Excerpting the explorers has become an acceptable literary fad of late. Carefully selected passages are all that most readers are likely to know of such journals, and it behooves us to be grateful.

Dr. Bolz weaves segments from many journals into the tale of a 10-day canoe trip made in October, 1958, from Lake Superior to Rainy River, a distance of 207 miles. He is eager to share the delights of the old journals, as well as those of canoeing and portaging over the historic waterway.

Clearly the past has a very strong appeal for Dr. Bolz, who writes most engagingly when he calls up some scene in the mind's eye. He creates excellent word-pictures, having obviously digested masses of information on the subject. He notes picturesque details of wildlife along the way, flowers and trees at portages, the geology of the region, all in very readable style.

Less successful are the rather artificial devices the author uses to introduce the excerpts, or in writing of day-to-day events. He is a bit too coy in conversations with wife Belva and guide Harvi, both cast in the role of straight-man. This canoe and portage trail was much more populous in the early days than now, one gathers, for Dr. Bolz mentions meeting only one person along the route.

This is familiar territory to artist Francis Lee Jaques, whose outstanding pen-and-ink drawings also graced his wife's *Canoe Country* and *Snowshoe Country*, both about this area. These exquisite drawings and eight illustrations in coppertone, mostly from the Public Archives of Canada, add to the beauty of the book.

It is a pleasure to record that *Portage into the Past* has both endpaper and detail maps, an index, and a good bibliography "for those who want to learn more." To any reader making this trip, this is definitely a book worth portaging.

Mrs. Harrington, author of numerous books and articles, is herself an accomplished wilderness traveller.

REMEMBER NURSE

by Donalda McKillop Copeland as told to Eugenie Louise Myles

Ryerson's, Toronto, 1960

250 pages, illus. $4.50.

Reviewed by Wanda Neill Tolboom

THIS attractively bound and illustrated volume contains the rather depressing remembrances of the first public health nurse on Southampton Island. During her five year stay the author recalls little of laughter and light but an unbelievable number of case histories of a diseased and vermin ridden Eskimo population.

The story begins with the arrival of the author and her husband on the island in 1950 and the misfortunes which befell during the first few days in their combination home, school, and nursing-station dwelling. However, the reader is soon confused and a little misled, as to the locale of the story. The general impression given is that the nurse and her teacher husband found themselves fearfully and almost completely alone amid a band of dirty, primitive, physically and mentally sick natives. Little or no mention is made of the settlement or of the other white residents.

As the story progresses one wonders whether, among Eskimos who are reputed to have had contact with white men for two generations, there was actually such complete ignorance as the new nurse was led to believe. There was an established whaling station on the island in the early 1900s. The natives had dealt at a Hudson's Bay Company store for over 20 years, and a large air base had been built eight years before. This reviewer wonders if it was really necessary for the nurse to teach these people the use of Canadian money or how to obtain merchandise from a mail order catalogue.

There are too many symptoms and too much medication. Several chapters of all this could have been omitted without any loss to the layman reader. Yet, somewhere between all these lines—the grief, the suspicion, the medicine men—there seems to be a story of great impact struggling to be told.

Remember Nurse is well written, and abounds in fine description, yet many poignant paragraphs somehow fail to touch the heart. Except near the end, the personal touch is lacking and this no doubt is the result of the story being written not by Mrs. Copeland herself, but through the pen of another.

The saving grace of the entire book is in its final chapters. A warm compassion suddenly emerges and if the reader has survived the hexes, the hunger, and the broken bones, he is pleasantly rewarded with what the author set out to say. There has been a small chip made in the age old Eskimo philosophy of *ayonamut* —it can't be helped. Through the untiring efforts of those first public health nurses in the North a transition has begun. Something can be, and is being, done for accident and disease among our Eskimo people. Seeds of hope planted into the darkness of resignation are already beginning to stir.

Mrs. Tolboom who herself spent many years in the Eastern Arctic, is the author of "Arctic Bride."

CANADA'S SOLDIERS

by George F. G. Stanley

Macmillan, Toronto, 1960.

449 pages, illus. $7.50.

Reviewed by Herbert F. Wood

A NEW, revised edition of *Canada's Soldiers*, by George F. G. Stanley has just been published. The book has been greatly improved by enlarging the chapters on the two World Wars, inserting some illustrations and new maps, and adding an Appendix which traces the development of military rifles used by the Canadian Militia. *Canada's Soldiers* is alone in its field; it covers the history of Canada's land forces from the earliest days of French rule to the present. The style is brisk and clear and there is a refreshing absence of clutter.

The 350 years spanned by the narrative are linked by vivid summaries of the many campaigns fought by Canadians in defence of their land and their liberties. But it is not all glory. The author's choice of a sub-title, "The

Military History of an Unmilitary People," is amply justified in his account of the influence which politics and political patronage had on military expenditures until comparatively recent times.

In describing post-war developments, Professor Stanley sometimes permits his prejudice in favour of the Militia to show through, as when he describes the contentious *Report on the Militia* of 1954 as having been written by a committee of ex-regulars (two of the three members were in fact retired war-time generals with a militia background) and he omits the real reason for the creation of the Regiment of Canadian Guards (to provide at least one unit with a national, rather than a regional, appeal).

Within the confines of a one-volume work, compression is inevitable, but it is a pity that Professor Stanley could not have given space to the growth and development of the Militia in Western Canada, particularly the Cavalry. Readers of *The Beaver* will, however, enjoy the all-too-brief accounts of the Red River Expedition of 1870, the North-West Rebellion of 1885, and the Yukon Field Force of 1898.

The book is already regarded as a standard work on its subject; this new edition reinforces its position.

Lieut.-Colonel H. F. Wood, CD, is on the staff of the Historical Section at Canadian Army Headquarters.

CANCER: DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION?

An anthropological and historical study
by Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Hill and Wang, New York. 1960.
180 pages. $3.95.

Reviewed by Alan Cooke

CANCER was once unknown among the primitive Eskimos and northern Indians. Now they have as much cancer as other people. Why? Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in his 26th book, discusses the possibility that cancer was brought to the Arctic by a change in diet. When primitive people have been eating a "civilized" diet of well-cooked and chemically preserved foods for ten to fifteen years, cancer begins to appear among them.

For over fifty years, Stefansson has been gathering more information from Alaska, Arctic Canada and Labrador, from visitors to the Hunza people of inner Asia, and from doctors and cancer specialists the world over.

So far there has been no success in finding a cancer cure despite the millions of dollars poured into research. The central point of Stefansson's book is that a cure is unlikely to be found but that prevention may be possible.

Northern readers will find the book valuable not only for its topical importance, but also for information on life of primitive Eskimos as Stefansson knew and lived it, together with reminiscences about and quotations from some of the North's great men.

Mr. Cooke is assistant librarian at the Baker Library, Dartmouth College.

THE WINDSOR BORDER REGION

Edited and with an introduction by E. J. Lajeunesse C.S.B.

The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1960. $5.00.

Reviewed by George F. G. Stanley

THIS is the fourth volume of the series of documentary histories prepared under the direction of the Champlain Society and sponsored by the government of Ontario. Fr. Lajeunesse's contribution, like those of his predecessors, is not intended to provide "an interpretation of history." Its primary purpose, as Hon. Leslie Frost writes in the Foreword, "is to bring together for historians and the general reader the rich heritage that is to be found in Ontario's early records and documents." And who is there that will quarrel with such a commendable object as this? Would that there were more such societies, more such governments, and more such publications.

This book traces the origin and early development of the Windsor-Detroit region from the first tentative mission of 1649 at Khioetoa (St. Michel) to the cession of Detroit to the United States in 1796. In 1701 Lamothe Cadillac established a post at Detroit, which he hoped would be a centre of civilization where the Indians of the surrounding territory might be integrated socially and culturally with Canadian society. If Detroit did not achieve this high aim, at least it remained a centre of considerable significance from the economic and military points of view. The fall of New France left little impression upon the colony, probably because, for another thirty years, its economy remained geared to the fur trade. Not until after 1796 did the Windsor-Detroit region enter the agricultural phase of its development.

If any criticisms are to be made of this book, they will, of necessity, centre upon the editor's choice of documents to be printed—this reviewer would have liked to see more material on the fur trade, and perhaps more relating to the role of the region in the American Revolutionary War—and not with the facts presented: although some eyebrows will be raised at Fr. Lajeunesse's assertion, repeated by Mr. Frost, that the Windsor Region is the "one locality in the Province of Ontario that can claim a continuous settlement antedating the British conquest." What of Moose Factory? Established as early as 1672 by Governor Bayly and re-established in 1730 after its recovery from the French by the Treaty of Utrecht, the post at Moose has a sounder claim to historical antiquity in Ontario than anything in Essex county, where settlement began no earlier than 1749. But this excess of local patriotism in no way deprives Fr. Lajeunesse's work of its great value to historians. It may even enhance it.

Professor Stanley is head of the department of history and chairman of the faculty of arts at the Royal Military College, Kingston.

CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

by Kay Cronin

Mitchell Press, Vancouver, 1960.
255 pages illus. $4.95.

Reviewed by Madge Wolfenden

"THIS book might be described as the history of the pioneer Oblate Fathers of British Columbia, yet it is not . . . Rather, it is a series of stories highlighting the outstanding personalities and events involved in that history. And it was written for the man in the street, not the historian . . . However, all the

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material used in this book is compiled from facts gathered during two years' intensive research and, to the best of my knowledge, is completely accurate."

So begins *Cross in the Wilderness*, and with this frank *apologia*, the author would seem to disarm all adverse criticism and comment. Nevertheless there are words both of praise and blame which can be said about this first book from the pen of Kay Cronin.

The author has undertaken a difficult task in recreating from their own diaries and letters, the lives of the intrepid Oblate missionaries whose work and ministrations took them to the four corners of the Province of British Columbia. And she has been successful in drawing a vivid picture that cannot fail to excite the admiration of the reader for those brave, humble, unselfish missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church, whose zeal, perseverance and piety are so visible in the pages of *Cross in the Wilderness*.

In this material age in which we live it is heartening to know that there have been, and still are, men of the calibre of Fathers Pandosy, Le Jeune, Morice and the many others who have left, and are still leaving, their imprint upon the religious life of British Columbia.

These are words of well-deserved praise. But does Miss Cronin really think that her "man in the street" is likely to read *Cross in the Wilderness*? This reviewer thinks otherwise, but that the book will appeal to and be read mainly by a more discriminating public, in fact, by those whom the *1958 Centennial has* made history-conscious, and by those others who have always been, and still are, interested in the history of their own province.

What an opportunity Miss Cronin has missed in not making her book a scholarly one, for she has had access to source material, not generally available outside of convents and monasteries. By failing to document her references in orthodox practice she tantalizes the student and the historian who have avid appetites for such "meat."

Miss Cronin has not realized that in spite of her statements to the contrary, her subject-matter is historical, and that the framework for her book is of necessity a framework of the history of British Columbia and of the operation of the Roman Catholic Church in British Columbia. After all, facts are facts, and it is disconcerting for the well-informed reader to find (on p. 95) that the gold-seekers brought smallpox to British Columbia in 1862. Simon Fraser on his journey down the Fraser river in 1808 encountered smallpox amongst the Indians, and John Tod tells how war fever amongst the Nicola Indians was cured by dread of smallpox in 1847.

The statement (on p. 81) concerning Father Fouquet's work at New Westminster in 1859 amongst the "Indians and settlers most of whom were illiterate" takes one by surprise. Has Miss Cronin not heard of the Royal Engineers?

Miss Cronin credits Norman Carter with having re-discovered the site of the old mission centre outside Kelowna as recently as 1954. This is hard to believe for the Okanagan Historical Society, which was organized in 1925, has been publishing more or less regularly annual reports dealing with the history of the area since 1928 or so. More than once there have been articles on Father Pandosy and his mission in these reports, and elsewhere. A little checking would have avoided this *faux pas*.

Should there be a demand for another edition of *Cross in the Wilderness*, which this reviewer hopes may be the case, it is recommended that editing on an historical basis be applied, footnotes be added, and mis-statements and mis-spellings be corrected.

The Mitchell Press deserves commendation for the attractive format of *Cross in the Wilderness*. The book is bound in simple, dignified, black cloth, with the Oblate crest impressed on the front cover. The paper and type are of good quality as is usual from the plant of Mitchell Press, and the excellent illustrations, particularly the portraits of the priests, add considerably to the enjoyment of the reader.

Miss Cronin in her first book has *expended many hours of patient research* which will have brought their reward. She has graduated from journalism to authorship. She has made many of those old-time Fathers, some of whom were but names in the long procession of church dignitaries, live again to the wonder and admiration of the reader. She has experimented with another type of writing which is new to her, and which must have brought her much satisfaction. It is to be hoped that she will continue in this sphere, and that she will develop and perfect her latent talents.

Miss Wolfenden, British Columbia historian and writer, was formerly archivist in that province.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF CANADA

by Ella Elizabeth Clark

McClelland and Stewart Ltd.,
Toronto, 1960.
177 pages. $4.50.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

THE collecting, editing, and publishing of Indian folk-tales is beset with many difficulties. In collecting, one must needs use an interpreter or be satisfied with a tale told in English that is often far from perfect, and run a serious risk of misapprehension. In editing the tale, one is beset by the difficulty of selecting an appropriate style. The atmosphere of the original must be preserved as far as possible but one loses an almost essential element when the story appears in cold print, for the original story-teller acted the story as he told it, with dramatic gestures and changes in emphasis and in the speed of his telling, which made it come alive as though it were actually happening there and then.

In dialogue, fresh difficulties appear. Is one to adopt the puerile "Me heap big chief" style, or is speech to be conveyed in the stylized rhetoric of the improbable Hiawatha form? In plot, too, fresh troubles crop up, for it is but seldom that an Indian story has the elements of what we call a "short story"; it is more like the epic, in which many adventures befall the hero and these can be strung together endlessly, as in the *Arabian Nights* or *Beowulf*.

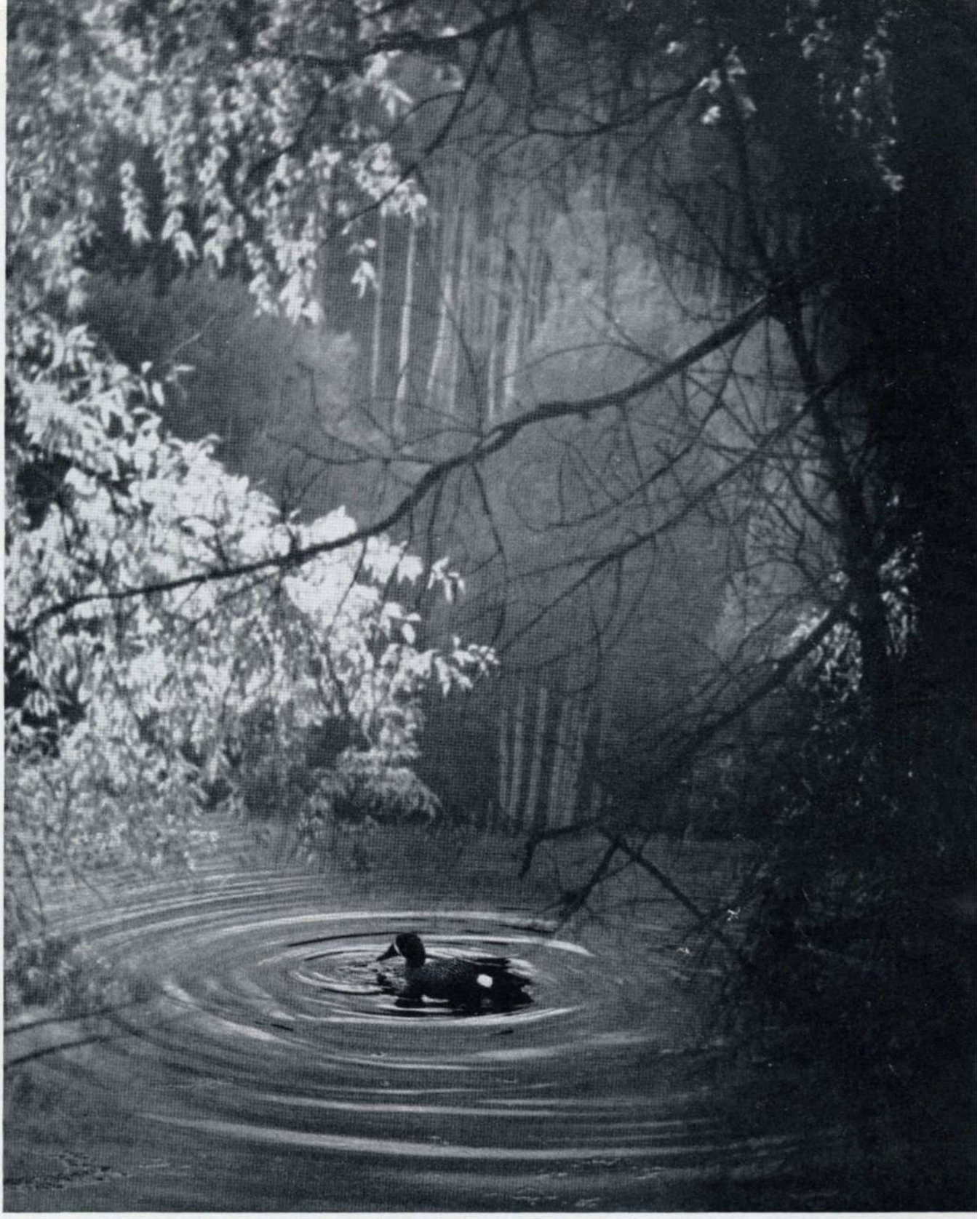
Ella E. Clark, author of *Indian Legends of Canada*, has been keenly alive to these problems and has, perhaps, solved them as well as anybody ever has. Her dialogue falls pleasantly between the two extremes, her plots at least give each legend a definite theme, and there is a satisfying variety of subject matter.

She has, moreover, done some good research on the function of the story-teller in the various Indian cultures of Canada, and has consulted sound authorities and sources. She understands the moral implications ever present in the tales told to the young (though seldom explicitly stated), and she realizes the religious significance of the professional story-teller's role. In a book intended for use in the schools as well as out of them, she has found it necessary to eliminate the eroticism and obscenity found in many Indian tales, features that to the Indians themselves are not at all objectionable, a mental attitude shared with the sculptors of the erotic carvings in many of the temples of India and condemned only by those who cannot agree that to the pure all things are pure.

On page 156 we meet once again an old myth that dies hard: the belief that furs had to be piled up to the height of a gun before the trader would accept them. It probably never was true and, certainly, never was it standard practice.

Special praise must go to the most attractive dust jacket, a fitting introduction to a very fine book.

Dr. Leechman, author of "Native Tribes of Canada" collected Indian legends himself for the National Museum, some of which have been published, some used as basis for dramatic presentations.



Spring in the Forest, by Redvers Cavendish

A mood of the Alberta woodlands
where they fringe the muskeg.

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